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PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

VOL. 56 NO. 10 £1-75

Austria AS 80
France 39 Francs
Italy 7800 Lire
Germany DM 17
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MENONLY

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VOLUME 56 NUMBER 10

Publisher **Paul Raymond**; *Editor* **Nevile Player**; *Assistant Editor* **Debbie Raymond**; *Chief Executive & Legal Adviser* **Carl Snitcher**; *Group Art Director* **Jane Holbrey**; *Production Editor* **Karen Malcherczyk**; *Associate Art Editor* **Mark O'Neill**; *Designers* **Pete Ridley, Rowan Grant, Andrew Holland**; *Advertisement Director* **James Macleod**; *Classified Adverts* **Deirdre Doyle**

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Published by Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE (Tel: 071-734 9191). Typefilm Developing Bureau & Colour Origination by Colorscan, High Wycombe. Printed Web Offset by HunterPrint Group plc, Corby. Fiction: all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely that it shall not without written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of £1.75, and it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever or sold to anyone under the age of 18. Editeur responsable pour la Belgique: M.D. Sharrock, 39 Rue Serpentine, 1050 Brussels, Belgium. All contributions, including colour transparencies and photographs, submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk. While every care is taken, neither Paul Raymond Publications Limited, nor its agents accept liability for loss or damage. Second Class Postage paid at New York Post Office, N.Y. Distributed by Comag, West Drayton, Middlesex. Subscription Service, Alan Wells, Memberline House, Farndon Road, Market Harborough, Leics. LE16 9NR. Tel: (0858) 410510. © Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., 1991.

DEBBIE 42

MY CONFESSION 71

We have recently discovered that watching girls undress is a very good way for a man to remember his age. (Something that may not seem all that difficult to some of you, but becomes very hard after two dozen Tequila slammers. Mainly because you get so drunk you slam the glass down on your left hand and haven't got enough fingers left to add up on.)

Another thing that makes it very complicated is the strange fact that everyone born after 1972 seems older than your father.

I mean, there you are at a rave, boozing, smoking, dancing, yelling and suffering from the strange delusion that you once fucked Kylie Minogue, and there they are looking at their watches and saying that they must go home because they have this very important lecture in the morning.

And you say: "Bollocks! No one goes to lectures!" And they say: "Oh, yes they do. You have to because if you don't get a 2:1 you're not going to get a job as a bog attendant and I want to own a leather three-piece suit before I'm 40."

And you say: "Hmmmmm! Kinky for leather suits, are you? I know! There's nothing sexier than a tight shiny skin stretched over pert thrusting breasts, the nipples standing out through it like cup cakes, thick as your wrist. And those thin chrome panties covering her pussy like they've got hold of it, right? All open and wet under the caressing leather as she moves."

And they say: "I meant a three-piece suite, actually, and a nice house in Guildford, a secure job with a pension and a smart pair of trousers that you can be proud to stand up in for the National

GOTCHA! 7

ABBE 20

GAYNOR 35

blah!

As no one ever believes anything they read in the letters' column, why not let your hair down and tell us the truth?

Print Problem
Sir: I used to think *Men Only* was only good for one thing – wiping your arse on. Now I've discovered it isn't even any good for that! The print comes off on your bum!

As a result of your total incompetence in the matter of ink, I now have 'fuck me' printed on my arsehole! And I can't get it off.

The annoyance and limitations this causes on my social life are considerable. I cannot, for example, bend down and haul open my buttocks in front of a homosexual without him getting the wrong idea.

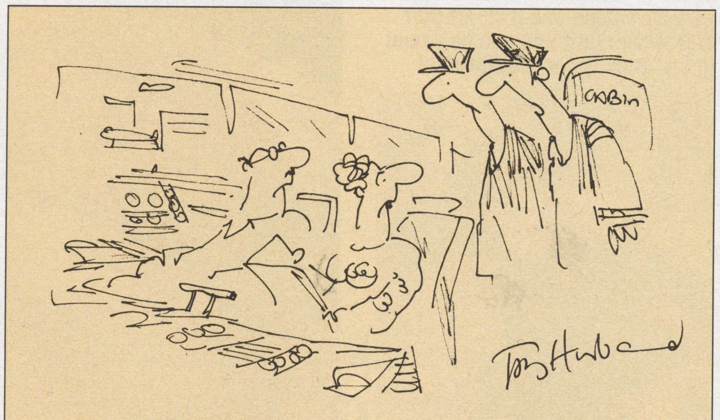
I shall sue!

H.P., Stoke-on-Trent.

way she looked at me over breakfast and licked her lips suggestively sparked a hope in me. And it was clear my friend, her husband, was not a sensuous man any longer, if he ever had been. I could not imagine him licking her sweet cleft as I have done. And still would do.

As things were, we flirted just a little but there were other guests and she has children, so it was not easy. But the way she said goodnight to me sent me to bed in the fond hope that I would hear the door open softly and see her coming to me, with just a wisp of silk around her body.

And so it happened the night before I had to take my leave. I think I had been



"Excuse me, those seats are taken."

Tête à Tête
Sir: I spent part of this summer in a very old château as the guest of a nobleman and his family. They are very old friends, especially the countess, who was an old lover of mine in our student days. Now she is very grand and looked up to, and it was a strange contrast to see her as she is now while imagining the look on her face as she greedily licked every drop of come from my spurting cock!

Ah well, things change. But one thing remained the same: she's beautiful, desirable and my loins yearned for her.

I thought she still felt something for me, too. The

asleep, dreaming of her, when I awoke to see her (her diaphanous white nightie shimmering in the moonlight) coming towards me.

I reached out for her, but she signalled me to lie back. Then she pulled the sheet from my body, exposing my rigid, pulsing cock, and let her lips slip slowly over the twitching tip of it, drawing it into her mouth as she always used to do. The ecstasy! No one sucked cock like the countess!

I was made alert all of a sudden by a sound in the corner of the room. Fearing her husband had discovered us, I

continued on page 94

Anthem at the local cinema. Besides, no one has sex any more and I think your description of the female form tantamount to sexist, really."

And you think: Oh, fuck, not that again!

So you say: "Come on, live a little. Look, there's a pretty blonde over there just dying for it and if I was your age I'd be up that like a back-bencher's tongue up the PM's arsehole!"

At which he gets very incensed (being a young conservative) and gives you a lecture on sexism, respect for your leaders, the work ethic, doing the decent thing and not living beyond your means.

To which you reply: "Don't be so old-fashioned, dad" – before you realize you're old enough to be *his* father. (As if you didn't have more sense than to screw

CLAIRE

CHRISSIE 90

anyone who wasn't on the Pill when you were 12!)

I'd say young men were having it hard, except I kind of suspect that a lot of them aren't having it at all. Which, of course, is a good thing. It means that all the young women find me really rather attractive, despite the fact that the angle of erection has fallen back a couple of degrees of late and there's a definite thickening at the waist (which can be concealed by hauling in the gut every time a pretty woman walks by, although that way you risk your trousers falling round your ankles).

JUSTINE 55

KATHRYN 61

27

So I'm not complaining. But talking to your beloved about how she can stop her flatmates drinking all *her* milk so there's none for coffee in the morning does confuse a man about his age. Which is where watching girls undress comes in.

How does it work? Well, imagine you're sitting here, in the Editor's chair, watching a wonderful brunette stripping off for you. She's got down to her undies – uplift bra panting for breath with the effort of keeping those big tits in, tight green panties moulding themselves round her pussy like they're painted on.

She's got that far, twirled around for you, and goes to take her frillies off, too. Here's how you check your age.

If you're enjoying the panty show so much you don't want her to get 'em off, you're over 35. If you can't wait to see her naked, you're 25-plus. And if you've already come in your pants, you're under 20, kid!

ANDREA 13

THE DONE THING

bad vibrations

Stout Yeoman of England, arise! You have only your butt-plugs to lose! The Rev. Giles heaps approbation upon all things pink and plasticky (batteries not supplied).

". . . better not be wibrated."
Charles Dickens.

The malicious reports in *The Sun* – a publication which is for some unaccountable reason registered at the post office as 'a newspaper' – that I have had the memsahib abducted and marooned on the one of the Torran rocks in the Hebrides, are absolutely correct. And despite that paper's attempts to ring the heartstrings of the nation with her piteous plight, I am sure any gentleman would have done the same.

The wretched woman has blotted the escutcheon of the Uttoxeters so indelibly that I should certainly been been forbidden my clubs if I had not acted severely. Indeed, there were rumblings at the Anathaneum over my allowing her bread and water!

She has shown the world that she takes pleasure in sex. Which simply means she is no lady!

FOR SHAME! A dreadful come down for one who was the leading light of our local League for Decency or Castration!

Indeed it was at a meeting of the League, here at Uttoxeter Towers, in the presence of the National President – some woman called Outhouse – that it happened. The memsahib was giving her speech of welcome when there was a loud insistent buzzing and a Black Beauty, Bucking Bronco 10-inch Pussy Pleaser ('it thrusts, it rotates, it vibrates! – only £23.50'), bucked, thrusted and vibrated its way out of her handbag. Before the fascinated eyes of the audience, the fluorescent orange black and purple model of Red Rum's cock and balls clattered and shuddered along the sideboard behind the oblivious Mrs. Outhouse and the orating memsahib – who was too caught up in her demands for the castration of all men of common birth to notice. Indeed, it was Mrs. Outhouse who heard it first, but too late. The minute she turned her head, the thing leapt into her open mouth and proceeded to partake of what, as I understand it, they call 'deep throat' . . .

In short, it was choking the poor woman. I leapt to the rescue, of course, and managed at last to extract it, complete with the lady's false teeth which were clamped, steaming, to the shaft. A hollow victory. For as I stood there with the vibrating obscenity in my hand, in walked Prince Charles who had kindly dropped by to give my honeysuckle a talking to for its bolshie Marxist insistence on twining to the left!

I fear His Royal Highness gained quite a false impression of the nature of our gathering which, I am reliably informed, means the end of my polo career.

FANNYPLASTIC! I cannot deplore too strongly this recent trend amongst ladies and gentlemen of good family towards inserting their parts into, and stuffing every orifice full of, multicoloured, plastic and latex objects which purport to give sexual pleasure. Things that rattle, buzz, hum and clatter so loudly that our great country houses of a summer's evening might as well have been built bang in the middle of Brand's Hatch.

Indeed, things got so bad at Uttoxeter Towers last July that I had a summons from the Environmental Health Department. Passengers on Concorde were complaining about the frightful racket they were forced to endure when overflying the house.

BAD FORM! It simply is not done! In the first place the use of plastic replicas of pegos and vaginas undermines the very fabric of society! What are footmen and housemaids for, if not to provide an accommodating prick or cunt as the gentle classes desire? Is good British genitalia to be done down by Japanese imitations like everything else? *Noblesse oblige*, gentlemen.

And what of our women? The use of such gadgets is evidence that they enjoy sex! That they are no better than bitches on heat. That they believe they have orgasms! In short, that they are not ladies.

But all this pales in significance before the central issue. The use of such things makes the aristocracy a laughing stock. Who can respect a duke who ambles up the aisle of the House of Lords with an Ectasuck ('it licks, it sucks, it vibrates – only £43.50') left absent-mindedly sticking out of his fly? Or a duchess who cannot alight from her carriage without sending a pair of steaming Japanese love balls, hot from her cunny, skating across the pavement and into the gutter?

Yes, it is the reputation of the ruling class that is at stake. The future of the British aristocracy. For what peasant will tug his forelock to a lord he has caught using an anal probe alongside the trout-filled waters of the River Test?

THE GUILTY GENTRY! You may

say it will not happen, that such private matters can be kept secret. But I tell you it is *already* happening. Even now, certain notable gentlemen who should know better are holding us up to ridicule with their latex jiggery pokery.

I take this matter so seriously that I am prepared to name names.

The Duke of Cumquat, gentlemen! At the Cannes Film Festival, this unfortunate nobleman entertained a certain film star on his yacht. There, infected by the vogue for automation, he was inveigled by her to place a vibrating French tickler upon his pego – a latex absurdity in such fluorescent orange and crimson, and so embellished with lumps, ridges, tentacles and fronds, that it made his prick look like nothing so much as a cuttlefish taken from the waters around Chernobyl.

With this thing upon his pego, the Duke was observed chasing the naked hussy around the deck until she jinked one way with her cunt and went the other, leaving my noble friend to trip over the rail and plunge into the water. And worse was to come. For so much did his prick resemble a cuttlefish that it was immediately bitten off by a barracuda (the proper use of the thing would seem to be as a fishing lure).

How do you keep such matters quiet? He was rushed to hospital by hysterical Frenchmen. The fish was soon afterwards caught, opened and his latex-wrapped pego discovered. They put two and two together and his shame was spread over six colour pages of *Paris Match*.

(Incidentally, they sewed his prick back on and it took. As good as new, I gather. My masseuse, Tracey, says it smells a bit fishy, but then, she confides, it always did.)

COITUS ERRUPTUS: What of Lord Permaine? While opening the Uttoxeter Parvda Fatstock Show, the poor feller was literally blown to pieces by the pressure of gasses within. All because he had allowed a disgruntled serving maid to insert a vibrating 'butt plug' in the appropriate orifice and the traitress lubricated it with Superglue!

Too ashamed to ask for help, he soldiered on to die with exemplary British stiff lower lips.

Then there was the absurd business of Lady Deshabile just the other day. Not out of the top drawer, admittedly, but a lady in her own right. She allowed herself to wear an invisible 'butterfly' vibrator ('it wriggles and tickles and jiggles inside as you go about your business – only £21.50') upon her clitoris. Friends remarked upon her red face, swollen lips and flushed cleavage without realising she was perpetually in rut.

At last, down at the stables, she saw a mare being serviced by a stallion and could no longer hold back. She stripped naked, ran to the kicking board and there, upon all-fours in the straw, she let the entire staff from trainer to stable lads have her – two at a time!

Is this good for discipline? Can a gentleman control his staff when they greet him, not with a deferential cringe, but with a slap on the back and: "Lor wunnerful tight juicy little clout your missus 'as got, Clarence!"?

I say he cannot!

PUBIC RIDICULE: There was the wholly ridiculous business of Lord Acrid. The silly booby, angered at receiving pictures of her ladyship being tupped by – as I am naming names – myself, took his Purdy up to her bedroom, shot her, and called the police. Had he been in less distress, the hiss of escaping air must have told him what the police discovered – that he had shot a talking latex doll which, it transpired, her ladyship had left in her bed every night for 10 years and he never noticed.

(Although now I come to think of it, I do remember him asking me at the club what 'give it to me big boy' meant. And wondering why she always developed an American accent when he tupped her. I said I thought it was more than likely she was holding her nose, which for some reason he took amiss.)

And now this scandal of Lady Beeday. Her fully computerised robot love doll, with authentic genitalia modelled on those of the late John Dillinger, and a tongue identical to that of an aardvark, somehow got hooked into the control circuit of a model Spitfire and took her for a nude aerobatic flight around the estate and village. Gave her a royal tupping in the sky – barrel rolls, loop the loops and all – to the cheers of the curious peasantry, before doing an Immelmann turn and dumping her in the village pond. Upon which it landed, held up the bank and flew off into the sunset towards Arizona, never to be seen again.

FINAL SOLUTION: It cannot go on. Sexual technology is destroying the prestige of the ruling class. Our family names, proudly born from the days of Edward the Confessor, are being dragged in the mire, besmirched by the midden, soiled in the gusset!

Death Before Dishonour, that is the motto we must stand by.

It is for this reason that my agents have planted small, but powerful, explosive devices in all existing sex toys. They will explode very shortly.

You have 10 seconds, ladies and gentlemen, to get your vibrators out!/*The Rev. Giles Uttoxeter.*

B R R M M . B R R M M

shitoffashovelies

The name of your car says who you are, argues Wheeltrim. In that case, why have we yet to see the Ford Dickhead, the BMW Buggerorf and the Fiat Shitforbrains?

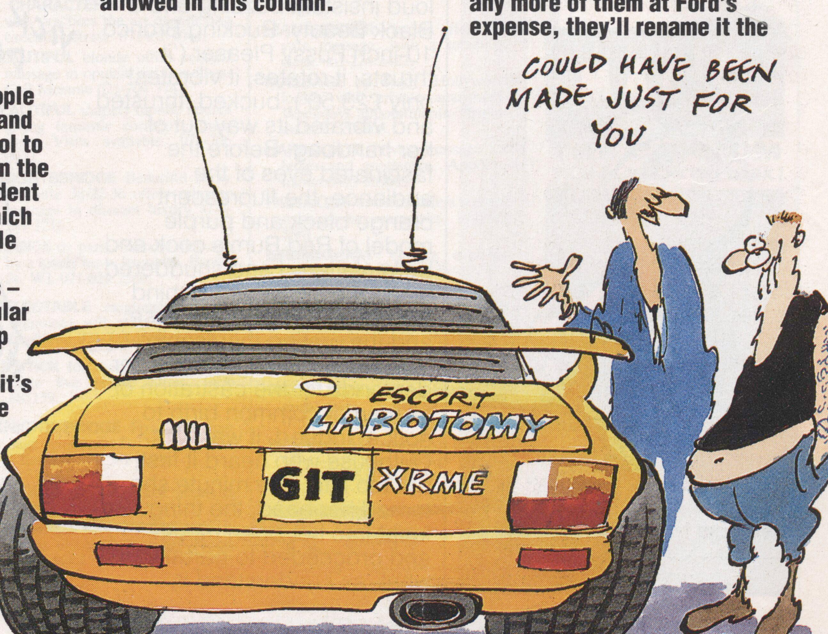
Sod your name, just give me your number.

Who remembers *The Prisoner*? I'd like to say that I don't – far too young, don't you know – but I'd be lying. Trouble is, a good TV show is like a big raddish. It repeats on you just when you're least expecting it. I never really understood it, anyway. I just remember old Paddy McGoohan shouting: "I am not a number. I am a free man" or something like that, while this other geezer rattled on about: "I am number seven. What is your number?" No wonder he went a bit loopy. It was enough to make you do number twos right where you were standing.

Of course, that was the Swinging Sixties, when people wanted to be independent and make their mark. It was cool to be a name, not a number. In the Swinging Nineties independent means you can't decide which way to vote. The only people making their mark are the Germans, and as for names – well, they're about as popular as Marla Maples at a Trump family reunion. Sad to relate, numbers are where it's at nowadays. Well, they are if you've got an ounce of wealth about your person. Let's look at the evidence.

If you're what we'll politely call 'the man in the street' (he's one above 'the git in the gutter'), chances are you drive something with a name. The Ford Cortina, for example. Now there's a name to savour. It may be a faraway exotic skiing resort to the rest of Europe, but to the British, it'll always be a bag of shit from Dagenham. Fiesta? Escort? Why do Ford pick names with sexual innuendo? They know it's not allowed in this column.

Vauxhall also give their cars names, on the premise that monikers like 'Senator' will give the overfed egomaniacs who drive them a feeling of being 'overfed and egomanic'. Just what you need after a 66 per cent pay rise. Quite what happened when they dreamed up Cavalier, of course, is anybody's guess. Rumour has it that if they sell any more of them at Ford's expense, they'll rename it the



Laughing Cavalier. In Germany, where laughing is banned by European Community Edict Number 356789.987/3, Cavalier is called Vectra. They don't call it Vectra here because it's too close to Vector, which as we all know means 'carrier of disease'. And, yes, you may look it up.

But enough of this poor man's stuff. *MO* readers aren't poor, as we all know. As the most discerning of readers, we've all got loads of wad, haven't we? And we don't mind whopping a bit on the counter when it comes to impressing the neighbours, either.

So what do we drive? We drive Mercs, of course. No names there, my old Frankfurters, just numbers. 200, 300, 560 etc. BMW do the same, of course. And this is the secret. The more wad you've got, the bigger the number on the badge. This makes things easier for the massively bewadded. After all, people get rich by counting their money, not giving it names. And now you can read a man's bank balance by the numbers on the back of his jam jar.

"Hey, Heinrick, you cheapskate, still driving that piece of shit 316? You mean you can't afford even a 320, let alone a 525 or (deep breath) a 735?"

Me, I'm waiting for the new BMW 747. It seats 350 people, travels at Mach 2, and still keeps you waiting at the airport lounge.

In the good old days, rich or poor, you knew what you were driving. If you were a real tough cookie you had a Tiger or a Cobra. If you weren't tough in the slightest but liked the name anyway, you drove a Hillman Avenger, and dreamed of steel-edged bowler hats and Pussy Galore.

The British have long had a knack for naming cars with exotic names, of course. But usually they were totally out of context. I mean, why did they ever think to call that miserable excuse for a sports car, the Triumph Spitfire, after the gallant saviour of our country's honour? It's a travesty akin to naming the next Jap import, the Toyota Bulldog. Or the next Italian, the Fiat Rustproof.

The more you think about it, the better it gets. If you wanted something reliably British, what did you drive in the 50s? That's right, a Rover. While the Yanks were steaming about in Impalas, Roadmasters, Skyliners and Rocket 88s, we drove a car that sounded like a dog. Jaguar nearly got it right. I mean, the first part sounds like the kind of cat that takes no shit from nobody. But XJ12 sounds more like one of Gerry Anderson's puppet space adventures and XJS sounds like a floor scouring powder.

Needless to say, the Eyeties

continued on page 11

GOTCHA!

If women weren't this mind-numbingly wonderful shape we'd have to spend a hell of a lot of time down in the garage with the block of polystyrene and the surform plane trying to invent them.

It may be a little early in your day for drunken pseudo philosophy, and even though it's three o'clock on a Friday we haven't quite got to the 'I'sh married to a wunnerful liddle woman' stage, but it must have struck you that the shape of a beautiful woman is programmed deep inside your cells and you can't help but adore it.

You may think that this is simply not fair. That if there were females with other shapes you'd have some choice in the matter and not be so hog-whimperingly fixated on curves. But despite the efforts of NASA, no blue-tentacled ladies have so far shown, so it's curves or nothing. And, anyway, curves are nature's big thing. Could be that if you didn't find women irresistible, you'd find the whole world ugly. Which would be a little bit of a drag, wouldn't it, seeing you're stuck here?

Natural forces are like thighs – if you can't beat 'em, part 'em!

continued from page 7

got it right. Italian exotica, like the Urraco, the Mangusta and Countach (and that Scottish version, the Stenhouse Muira) really sounded exotic.

Nowadays, most supercars sound about as exotic as a wet weekend in the Golan Heights. Ask yourself this: what sort of woman is going to be impressed when you casually mention that your garage is full of 959, 3000GT VR-4, 92854 or 850i?

True, some Ferraris have always had numbers. In fact, most of them sound like bingo. "Eyes down, look in . . . 246, 328, 348, full house. Collect the set and you win a set of glasses and a crystal decanter." But which are the ones you remember? Anyone out there know what a 330 GTC looks like? Course you don't. We only remember the F40 because they're like jet fighters. They sound like one, go like one and only the Saudis can afford them.

Give us a Dino or a Daytona, though, a Mondial or a Testarossa and we know exactly what we've got under our right foot. Personality, that's what.

There was no beating about the bush from old Enzo when it came to naming his best cars. Who else would call a car, the Ferrari 500 Superfast? Can't quite imagine Jaguar calling their new supercar, the XJ220 Shitoffashovel, though.

And as for Renault calling their new diesel, the Clio Extremelyeconomical – well . . ./ *Mortimer Wheeltrim.*

FUTILE SEX

on the breadline

Anticipating a thriller in Camilla, Warris finds himself stuck in the Twilight Zone (just off the M4) with characters weirder than a *Men Only* writer. Can this be possible?

The taxi stood quivering like a praying mantis as the driver gave me a superficial smile, fumbled for change, and dashed off to resume his place in the taxi queue at Heathrow. I was just in time for Camilla's party. An air hostess with whom I had been having an affair for some months, she had elected to celebrate her birthday at the Fox & Hounds, near the airport. Unfortunately, the taxi had deposited me at the wrong pub.

A big man with sweep's eyebrows was standing at the bar with a couple of hundred pounds' worth of small change in front of him and a pint in his fist. Another man, with the receiver of the public telephone at one ear and that of the instrument behind the bar at the other, had a face scarlet with fury and seemed close to tears. A large, comfortable woman leaned on the bar and asked me what I would like.

"I need a taxi," I said.

"So does he, dear. Been trying to get one for nearly an hour. They're either engaged or they don't want to know in case they miss a fare into London. He only wants to go to Hounslow. Poor devil's about ready to cut his throat."

"Messy," said the eyebrows, "messy way to do it. Mate of mine decided to top himself two weeks ago. Tried it in the garage."

The landlady showed more interest in what he was saying than in my need to get to Camilla's party. We were going to spend the night together later at her flat, but that would not have interested the landlady either.

"Carbon monoxide, was it?" she enquired intently.

"Nah. Silly bugger tried to hang himself. Slung the rope over a beam and knotted it, then looped the other end round his neck. Climbed up on the car roof and jumped."

"Seems funny to do that when you've got a perfectly good exhaust pipe handy."

"Does, dunnit? Poor Graham, he was never no good at DIY neither. Instead of entering the hereafter he had to go to an orfopoedic clinic, didn't he? Gave himself six foot too much rope and lay on the garage floor with a ricked back."

"Please," I said, "have you any idea where I can get a taxi?"

"My sister," eyebrows went on, "was in love with a man who had wavy hair. Daft about his hair, she was, but the trouble was his cold. Never stopped sneezing, he didn't, so she thought he was allergic to her. Right upset, she was. Then it turned out he wouldn't use anything on his hair but butter, and had to stick his head in the fridge for five minutes every morning to set it. So, of course, the silly bugger had a permanent chill."

I once more implored the landlady to solve my taxi problem.

"Reckon the Fox & Hounds he wants is on the north side of Heathrow, don't you?" she said. "You go near there, Bernard. Maybe you could give him a lift?"

"All right then," grunted eyebrows.

"It's extremely kind of you. Will you have a drink with me?"

"You think I'm crazy? I'm drivin', ain' I? Drink and drive – not me."

He gulped the rest of his pint and led me out to an old Rover which looked as though Mark Thatcher had driven it into the Sahara. There was half a ton of sand over it, matched by an acre or so of rust.

We climbed in, and I was eyed suspiciously.

"What d'you do?"

"I work for a life assurance company."

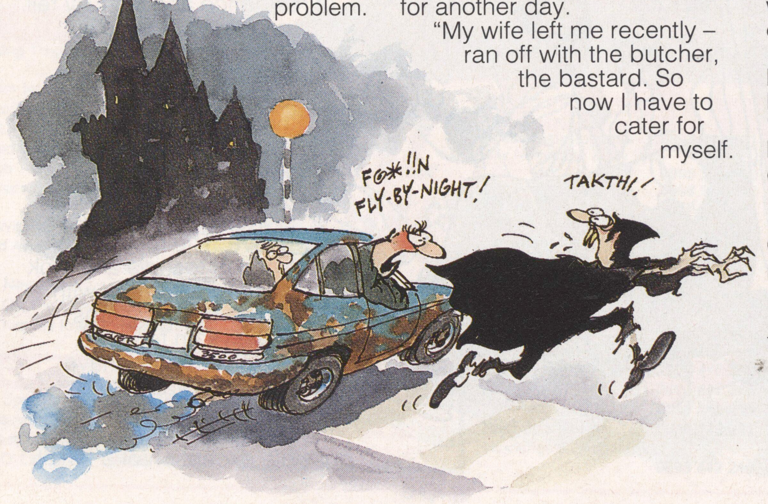
"Been doin' it long?"

"About 20 years."

He started the engine. "That's all right then. If there's one thing I can't stand it's a fuckin' fly-by-night. Me, I make my bread out of bread. Thirty years I've been in the bread game," he said as we lurched out of the car park on to the road.

"You may think," he continued, managing to avoid a pantechnicon delivering a tricycle, "that bread's different, depending where you buy it, but you're wrong. All the flour comes from Sunblest. Don't matter if you go to Harrods or Marks & Spencer or Sainsbury's, all the flour is ours." He flicked the wheel again and an old lady lived to cross the road without looking for another day.

"My wife left me recently – ran off with the butcher, the bastard. So now I have to cater for myself.



Cookin' an' that. Went out yesterday to buy a dozen eggs, an' wound up buyin' a bleedin' cottage. What do I want with a cottage, I ask you? Stupid, the things you do when the wife goes missing. You sort of become disoriented. Still, at least I've got me 'orses to keep me company, like. I mean, they're not down 'ere, but it's nice to know I've got 'em."

"What sort of horses?" I asked.

"Race horses. Jumpers, mostly. I keep 'em in Cumbria, 'cause it's cheaper than wot it would be in this part of the world, an' because Cumbria's where you find the most fences. I'd be a silly sod to keep National Hunt 'orses on the flat, wouldn't I?"

He swung the Rover off the main road on to the forecourt of the right Fox & Hounds. People I recognised of Camilla's family and entourage were going in.

"I'm very grateful for the lift," I said. "Sure you won't have a drink with me?"

"'Course I'll have a drink with you, seein' how you're not a bleedin' fly-by-night. If there's one thing I can't stand it's fuckin' cowboys. You know," he added, as we ordered our drinks and I prepared to introduce him to Camilla when she was free of congratulatory fans, "if you're in the insurance business, maybe you can advise me on some investments. I've got a few heavy lumps in the bank, and when I've sold the bloody cottage, I'll have more."

"Sell the cottage you bought yesterday?"

"Of course. What do I want with a bleedin' cottage? It was eggs I went out for."

He gulped his pint, and I just had time to give him my card before he headed for the door. "Ring me at the Fox & 'ounds," he told me. "I've got all the details on my Filo-fuckin'-Fax I keep there."

Even the appearance of Camilla beside me scarcely replaced his peculiar presence, and for the first time in my life I felt, momentarily, that making love might be an anti-climax.

Perhaps it was a vestige of Bernard's influence that made me sneeze as I went to kiss her./*Halter Warris.*

WORLD OF NOOKIE

grecian earnings

In which our man Knox (the reckless romeo in the Bart Simpson Bermuda shorts and Tetley Bitter sun-visor) lurches into an improbable saga of Metaxa, Mykonos and mammaries . . .

Probably the most memorable souvenir that my mother ever brought home from a kayaking holiday on the Yorkshire Moors (apart from a totally buggered kayak) was me.

There isn't an awful lot of good kayak-ing to be had between Bickley and Hutton Buscel, and so (after her initial disappointment) my mother agreed to let my father give her several hours of indoor training, very little of which had much to do with white-water slaloms, or how to right a capsized K2, but which helped her a lot with her paddling technique, and certainly improved her breathing.

She was a very sporty woman, my mother, and (as '60s women went) she was devastatingly sexy. She had a blonde beehive hairdo that looked like a controlled Semtex explosion in a Shredded Wheat factory, and breasts so big that my father had to step into the dining-room to finish describing them. But she didn't have very much 'upstairs', which is a polite way of saying that she was as dim as a Toc-H lamp as viewed through Gordon Brown's Sunday trousers. She thought that IQ meant 'I stand in a line of people waiting for a bus'.

My father was adept at persuading any woman that immediate intercourse would radically improve their skin, the condition of their hair, the balance of their Post Office Savings Account, their popularity, and the longevity of their pets (although he did get into a bit of a scrape when Clarisse Broadworthy's pet budgie Yul dropped from its perch stone dead, right in the middle of some strenuous hanky-panky which my father was having with Clarisse on a nearby G-Plan sofa. Apparently, the cage-cover had slipped off, and when the poor bird saw my father's posterior surging up and down, it thought that it was being lunged at by an albino dugong, and died of terror).

The most memorable souvenir that my friend Dogmeat Prendergast ever brought back from his annual holidays in Ireland (apart from a particularly pernicious social disease known as Cork Tip) was a red Irish setter with the most insatiable sexual drive in canine history. This dog would fuck anything, from corgis to coffee tables. They once had to throw a bucket of water over him to get him off a leather-bound set of Montgomery's memoirs. Within six months, every single puppy within a four-mile radius of Dogmeat's home bore a disturbing resemblance to at least one half of a red Irish setter, and one or two of the cats did, too. He was a good swimmer, so even the tropical fish were in danger. An irate neighbour called up to complain about 'that fucking dog', and Dogmeat said: "I know exactly the one you mean, sorr."

The trouble with souvenirs is that they look so ethnic and artsy-craftsy when you're on holiday. But then you have to take them home, out of the blazing sun, and back to the land where it costs rather more than three piastres to drink your brain back to an evolutionary stage somewhere between the Neanderthals and the Cro-Magnons. It is only then that sobriety and the grey morning light reveal them to be nothing more than the hideous whittlings of hairy, squinting Mediterranean cretins with sardines and feta on their breath whose incompetence is only equalled by their mendacity.

I once brought back a Portuguese fishing-boat that looked as if it had been made by Christy Brown on special order for Gerald Ratner. Mind you, it looked almost good on the mantelpiece until my three-year-old nephew blew his nose on the sail. ("Where are we, bo'sun?" "Just off the coast of Catarrh.")

My advice is that you should bring back from your holidays nothing more than a light, gilded suntan and plenty of erotic memories. I have a slight weakness for holiday romances, about on par with my weakness for raspberries and well-chilled Sancerre Rouge. In other words, they should titillate your palate but – once you've enjoyed them – the memory of that titillation should be enough to sustain you through the winter months.

But last year, after a short sojourn in Greece, I brought back the finest possible souvenir of a holiday romance: the girls with whom I'd found myself erotically entangled. Three of them. I plead accidental after-play, your honour. I was quite willing to say enough was enough, but they pursued me to my place of residence and lustfully fell upon me, your honour.

You probably know already that Greece is one of the foulest holiday destinations that anybody could possibly pick. It's like a flooded gravel-pit in Dagenham in a heat-wave. The men are all called Ioannis and look like hearth-rugs with two black buttons sewn on for eyes. The women all have gorgeous vase-like figures that could launch a thousand ships (with the possible exception of a small Portuguese fishing-boat with crusty sails). But their faces could sink a thousand dredgers.

I've holidayed east, I've holidayed west. I've wooed French and Germans and Danes and Czechs. The women of every nation have a distinctive and characteristic beauty, with the single exception of the Greeks. I spent weeks in Greece and the best-looking woman I saw could have doubled for Robbie Coltrane, except her thighs were bigger. On average, they look like Anthony Quinn playing Mother Theresa.

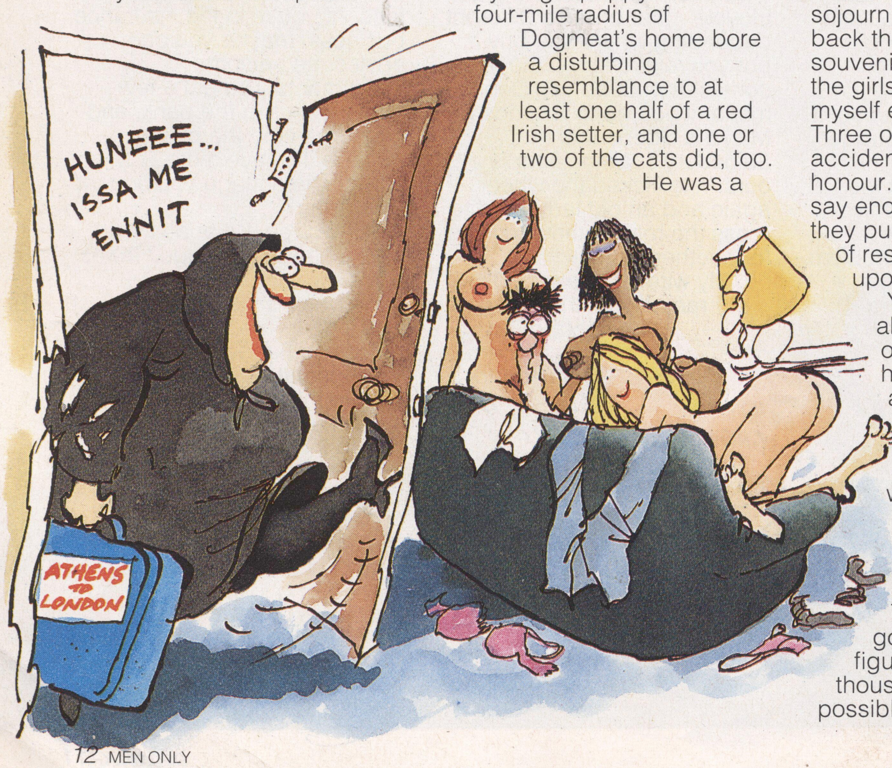
I wouldn't have chosen to go to Greece at all, but Dogmeat had booked a holiday and at the last moment his girlfriend had refused to go with him. She had caught his red setter copulating with her new Electrolux. It seemed a pity to let the tickets go to waste.

So it was that I found myself in a local taverna, prop. I. Parkykarkas, drinking ouzo and eating olives and spitting the pips into the hat-brims of passing German tourists. The evening was warm, the sky was the colour of Roy Hattersley's nose. I watched the hearth-rugs playing paddle-ball on the beach, and the pink bog-paper floating past on the evening tide. Of such things are romance made, I thought, and sure enough they were.

Parting the curtains of squid-tentacles that always hang around Greek tavernas came three of the most stunning young bimbos I had ever seen. (I've always wondered what they do with the rest of the squids – use them as condoms? Make them into shower-caps? I know they don't put them in their seafood salads because I've had one of their seafood salads and those white rings they put in there definitely taste of sliced-up condoms and shower-caps.)

These three girls were all British. Usually I shy away from British girls when I'm on holiday. I mean, one does like *un soupçon de nookie étrange, n'est-ce pas?* Mind you, I went out with a stunning French girl in Paris, and she tasted so strongly of garlic that, whenever I licked her cunt, I used to take a little bread down the bed with me, and a glass of Bordeaux. It was a meal in itself.

The first girl had a huge mane of blonde hair, and the kind of snub-nosed pretty face that launched a thousand Dickens & Jones cosmetic counters. She had a blouse knotted around her waist – a white, crumpled-cotton blouse that did very little to conceal her huge bouncy breasts,



which, judging from her downsloping cleavage and the faintest suggestion of dark nipple through the cotton, were completely braless. (I like the word 'braless' – it could be pronounced the same as 'Brailles' – something which you generally discover not by looking but by touching.)

Our blonde temptress wore little more than a triangular yellow thong, which was dimpled in the middle in a subtle suggestion of the minge which steamed beneath. (God, Knox, you're getting quite carried away here.) As she turned, I could see that the thong cleaved tightly into the soft, tanned cheeks of her bottom – the sort of bottom you could lift with both hands, and then drop, and it would still be bouncing well into the following morning.

Behind blondie came the blackest and sveltest of girls, with black cornrow braids, and a face so sensual that my Bart Simpson Bermuda shorts started to swell up to touch the bottom of the table. She had sleepy, slanted eyes, wide-flared nostrils, and lips that looked as if they had been especially designed for the 1991 Fellatio Championships. This girl wore a bikini that looked as if she had stolen it from a Barbie doll. Her breasts were titanic, but very fresh-grown, so that they were still high and firm. Two tiny triangles of wet, white cotton revealed black knobbly nipples underneath – nipples like four blackcurrant-flavoured fruit pastilles stacked one on top of the other. A third triangle of wet, white cotton clung to a black hairless cunt, the opening of which was suggested by a lighter patch of wet. And my woodwork teacher said I had no eye for detail!

Last through the curtains came a tall brunette. Sulky, red-lipped, with wide-set eyes and a perfect beezer, and the kind of figure you can usually only find in hour-glass factories. She wore a black fishnet one-piece swimsuit, through which her crimson nipples poked, and which did little to cover a mane of silky brown pubic hair.

At last! I thought. Three sensual goddesses to share my retsina, to caress my honeyed brow, and to help me spit olive stones at the Krauts. I stood up, holding my sunhat in front of my cock-tented Bermuda shorts and said: "Care for a drink, ladies?"

They took up my offer without hesitation. Gail, the blonde one, said: "We're pissed off with Greece. All those Greek men, innit?

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ANDREA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUPERT DAINES

Andrea was watching her frillies chasing each other around in the launderette when she felt someone undressing her with his eyes (a good trick if you can do it. Personally, I have enough problems undoing those bloody hook'n'eye jobs with my fingers, let alone my cornea – and you can't get much cornea than that!).
It turned out to be the man who says he takes pictures for *Men Only*. So she told him to go sit on it, on account of half the male population of Britain say they take pictures for *Men Only*. (God knows why. Think it adds status, I suppose, which means they haven't met the people who actually *do* take pictures for us. One step away from the funny farm, if you ask me.)
Anyway, the man Daines persisted and gave her the number of the Editor to prove his claim. And she rang up. And we said we had never heard of the man Daines (because we like to make life interesting for our photographers). But the idea had strangely excited the girl Andrea, and she decided to pose for him anyway.
So here she is in *Men Only*. Which only goes to prove you shouldn't disbelieve everything you hear in the launderette (34-23-36).

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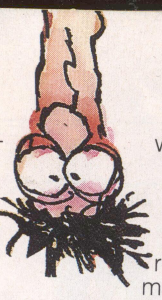


They're wearing all these tiny, silky swimsuits with their 'ankies tucked down the front, and posing and that, but they're about as romantic as Neil whatsisname. Kinnock. All bald 'ead and funny accents."

Georgina, the black girl, was frustrated by the Greek menus. "They're so bleedin' illiterate, man. What's this 'crapfish with bald potooto, anus-flavoured'? I only went to the Desmond Tutu Comprehensive, and I know better than that."

Laurene, however, the brunette, simply rested her elbow on the plastic table and stared at me and batted her eyelashes. She was even dimmer than my mother. If her intelligence had been converted into electricity, it would have powered my word processor just enough to write the word 'plank'. But you ought to have seen the way her red right nipple protruded through her black fishnet swimsuit, and brushed the top of the table.

I bought them all supper. Grilled fish, shower-cap salad, plenty of wine. Afterwards we trailed back through the dangling squid-tentacles, and weaved our way back to my hotel.

I opened all of the windows and all of the shutters, so that the warm night air flooded in, as well as romantic bouzoukis music, and the retching of drunken Austrian tourists. I switched off all the lights, and spread mattresses all across the floor, and covered them with sheets. I poured more wine for all of us, and proposed a toast to Melina Mercouri, the Elgin Marbles, feta cheese, and the Greek position.

Georgina was the first to undress. In fact, her tiny handkerchief bra had already slipped off her blackcurrant-pastille nipples, and all she had to do was to tug the ties of her thong, and she was black and shiny and very, very nude. She pushed me back on to the mattresses, and sat astride my face, spreading her legs very wide.

I reached up and caressed her slender ribcage, and then grasped the huge heaviness of her young breasts. She lowered her smooth, depilated pussy on to my face, splushing her glistening black cunt-lips around and around, massaging my forehead, my nose, my mouth, my cheeks. I rolled up my tongue like four inches of cheap red lino and slid it up inside her hot tight vagina.

Gail and Laurene, meanwhile, were fighting the war of the tongues over my massively-stiffened cock. They were licking and sucking it from glans to root, and even bumping heads over who was going to swallow my balls. Their arguing grew so fierce that Georgina joined in, and while I lay back forgotten on the mattress, Georgina turned around to present me with a faceful of crimson cunt and tight black sphincter, and proceeded to suck me out like one of those mobile vacuum cleaners they use for picking up Orange Frutie wrappers in Oxford Street. She sucked me in so far I could feel my glans bobbing against the back of her throat.

I couldn't help it. I sprayed sperm in all directions. The three of them stopped arguing and fighting and turned around in the semi-darkness and stared at me resentfully. Sperm dripped hot and glutinous from Georgina's lips; from Laurene's nipples; from Gail's nose.

"You," they accused me. "You could 'ave bleedin' waited!"

I slunk from Greece the next morning, catching the hydrofoil from Papadapadopolous, the ferry from Popadapapapopa-dopolapoulos, and the plane from the airport. A few hours later I was back in England, and it was raining. The customs inspector didn't believe I had neither souvenirs nor duty-frees, and tore my luggage into tiny pieces.

I went home. I sat glumly in front of the television, watching Terry Wogan doing his famous impression of a bursting Wall's sausage. But it was less than a week later before my doorbell rang. I went to the door with dragging feet. There, suntanned and laughing, stood Gail, Georgina and Laurene. "We owe you one!" they shrieked, and elbowed their way into Knox Mansions, stripping off clothes as they came.

I had the day to end all days, o gentle reader. And when at last they left me, drained, over-satisfied, and utterly shagged out, I decided that, next year, I would go to Greece again.

After all, if I played my cards right, I might be squids in./*Ed Knox.*

Q U I Z Z L E

kid me not tot

Remember a dim, distant time before you realized what those funny bumps on Mavis Gigglethwaite's chest were all about? A quiz for those 99.5% of us stuck in permenant adolescence.

1. *Is your best friend:*
a) The only kid in the block who's allowed to play with you?
b) A spider in a matchbox?
c) Prone to blowing bubbles down his nose when he sniggers?
d) The title of a periodical publication for dog lovers?
e) Your right hand?

2. *Children should be seen and not:*
a) Detected by any other sensory apparatus known to man?
b) Allowed to walk until they're 17?
c) Hit with a cricket bat where the bruises will show?
d) Eaten, without boiling in water, for at least 15 minutes?
e) Run over by a 32-ton truck more than once?

3. *It is 11.30-something at night. You are in your secret glen, idly kicking the shit out of a beech tree you've taken a dislike to. Suddenly, a torchbeam dissects the darkness, and through the twiggy tangle creep the hoarse, angry tones of your mum calling you in for dinner. Do you:*
a) Go into the old trembling-lip-and-terrified-whimper routine?
b) Claim you were picking herbs and just lost track of thyme?
c) Wish the silly woman would get meals ready on time like any normal mother?
d) Wish you knew how to spell Last Will And Testament?
e) Reckon the boiled cabbage will need a couple more hours to biodegrade before it's safe to go home?

4. *When the little hand's on the twelve and the big hand's on the nine, is it:*
a) Twelve minutes to nine?
b) Quarter to September?
c) Time for your mother to call you in for dinner?
d) Irrelevant when you're only five and not allowed to wear a watch?
e) A pretty outmoded non-digital system of temporal representation?

5. *If you were to go into the woods with a stranger, would it be for:*
a) A sweetie – preferably a dumb, blue-eyed, blonde one?
b) No more than 20 minutes?
c) No less than £20?
d) Valuable first-hand experience of mature genital arousal techniques?
e) About the eighth time this week?

6. *Having put your carpentry lessons to good use during a*

typical school dinner, you are enjoying a sedate twirl on the playground roundabout when one of the CCF guards appears, grabs a handrail, and begins spinning you round like a junkie's eyeball. Do you:

a) Discover sentry-fugal force?
b) Pebble-dash three passing sixth-formers with baked beans?
c) Cry, squeal, and scream for your compensation lawyer?
d) Feel the blurred, dizzy sensation of helpless disorientation will be good preparation for life in the pub?
e) Become the first five-year-old to enter Earth's orbit?

7. *Did you last climb a tree to:*
a) Hide, when it was boiled cabbage for dinner?
b) Give yourself a nosebleed and get the day off school?
c) Get a better view of Queen Victoria's coronation?
d) Get a better view of your neighbour's bedroom window?
e) Rescue an overambitious dodo?

8. *When close friends call, asking you to come and play, do you take your:*
a) Conkers?
b) Condoms?
c) Teeth out?
d) Marked poker deck?
e) Doctor's advice?

9. *When travelling by bus, do you pay:*
a) Half-fare?
b) The back seat a visit to deposit your chewing-gum?
c) Nubile young ladies to lift you on to your seat?
d) Only if the conductor spots you hiding on the luggage-rack?
e) Penance for your sins by sitting alongside a schoolkid?

10. *Is your ambition to be:*
a) As far away from girls as possible?
b) As far away from boiled cabbage as possible?
c) Olympic snot-flicking champion?
d) Old enough to tie your own shoelaces without immobilising three fingers and a leg?
e) Old enough not to have an ambition?

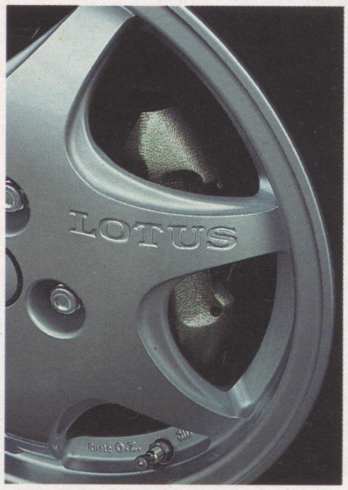
11. *Does childhood officially end when:*
a) You begin to grow bored on your own?
b) You begin to grow pubic hair on your groin?
c) You are finally empowered to exercise your right not to vote?
d) Your mother realizes that the naughty magazines under your bed do not

continued on page 26

Forget everything else. The Lotus Elan is a phenomenal car. The latest version has the name of an historic predecessor, which went out of production in 1975. In the 1960s the Elan set standards of design, with its backbone chassis and fibreglass body years ahead of its time. But it was nothing like this.

When, in 1986, General Motors took over Lotus Cars, Lotus had been doing a lot of engineering work for manufacturers on front-wheel-drive handling, while at the same time they were working for Isuzu on engine development, so it was logical to develop the Isuzu four-cylinder 1588cc for a brand new version of the Elan. The double overhead camshaft engine was given four values per cylinder and a IHI turbocharger, which produces 165bhp with max torque of 148lbs ft. giving 50-70mph in fourth gear in 5.6 seconds, a quarter of a mile in 15 secs and 0-60mph in 6.5 seconds. Top speed in fifth gear is almost 140mph.

Lotus's unique front-wheel-drive system has produced a car with the best ever grip and handling for a front-drive vehicle. The special front suspension patented by Lotus engineers, John Miles and Gerry Booen, is called 'Interactive Wishbone'. This system provides the correct wheel control that a few other front-wheel-drive cars have, giving the Elan phenomenal roadholding and grip, plus an absorbent comfortable ride. On cornering it understeers very slightly, if you drive ridiculously fast round a corner it will start to run wide, decelerate and carry on extraordinarily safely. Combined with the astonishing handling and grip of the Michelin 205/50 ZR 15-inch tyres, the brakes are exceptional. On cross country winding roads no other car, mid-engined supercars included, gets anywhere near it.



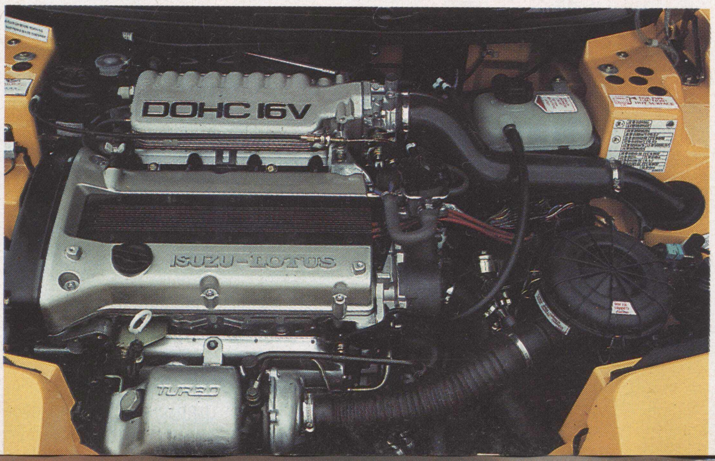
The chassis is a galvanised steel backbone structure with extra stiffness from steel reinforced composite platform moulding. This gives incredible lateral rigidity for an open car. The doors have Volvo-style steel crash beams making the car extremely safe.

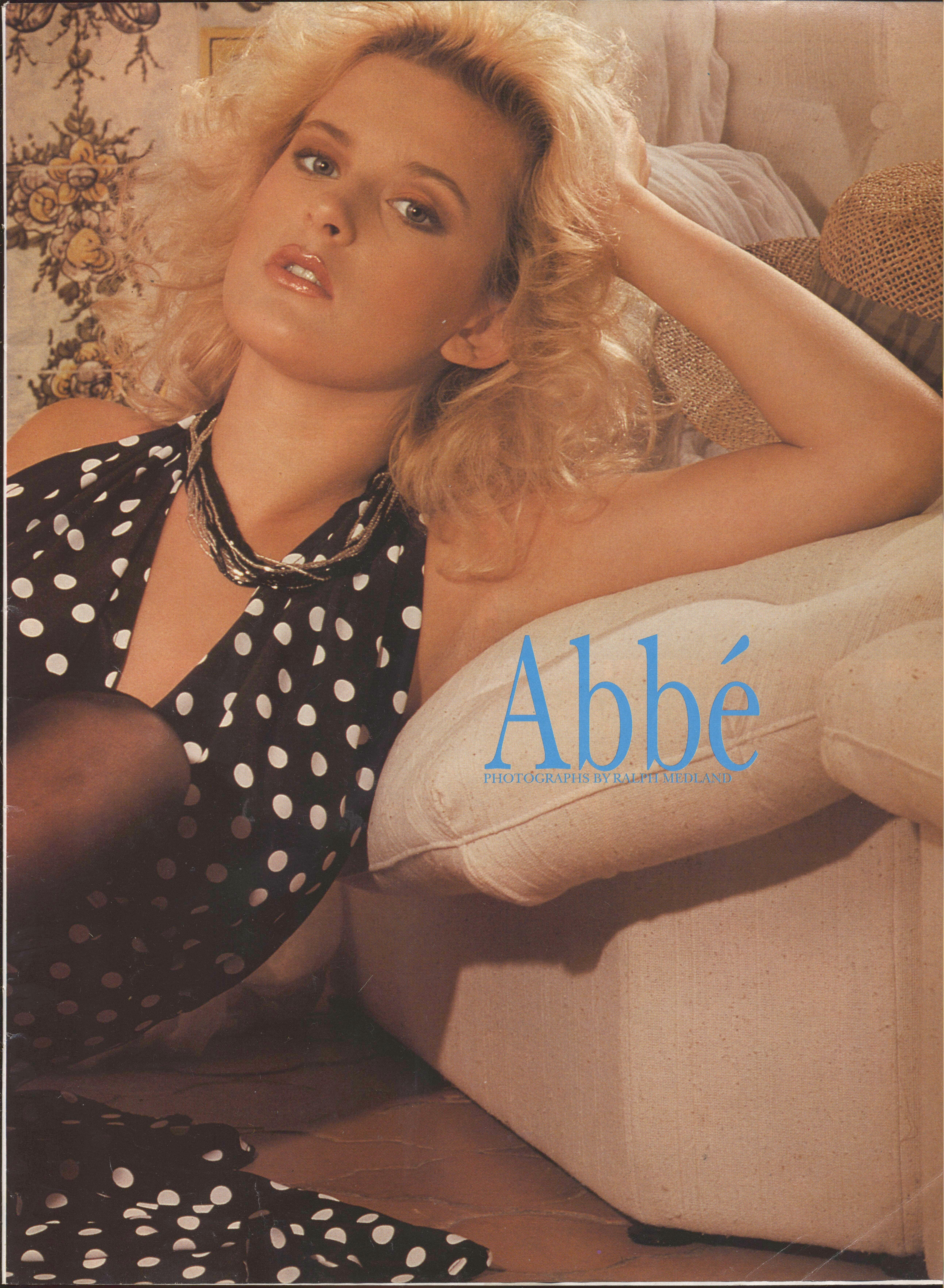
Body design is by Peter Stevens. CD is 34 hood up and 38 hood down. The Lotus build quality is now excellent, and running costs should be about the same as the average Vauxhall.

Lotus have set production at 3,000 cars a year, which has created a waiting list of nearly a year for their masterpiece.

UK price starts at £23,240 for basic frame. Anti-corrosion warranty is eight years.

(Car supplied by LONDON LOTUS CENTRE, Edgware, Middlesex. Tel: 081-952 6171)




Abbé
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND

Young Abbé has had eight jobs in the 18 months since she left college and lasted about two months in each of them because, to be blunt, she couldn't see the point of any of them.

"An office junior's job is to be ogled by a lot of men in suits and be given a hard time by some raddled old bag whose sex life ended so long ago her pussy's healed up. My friend models and I always thought it was wonderfully naughty, but somehow not for me. But one thing work experience has taught me is that it's more honest to turn on guys who openly admit they want to be turned on, than go through the 'eyes on your bottom as you bend over the filing cabinet' routine. I still get just as hard a time from the raddled old bags, I'm sure, but I don't have to be there to hear it!"

A bit of a feminist, our Abbé (24-22-36).

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belong to your father?

e) You finally realize what a load of crap *Neighbours* is?

How did you score?

a1 b20 c50 d0 e100

0 *You had a big problem with the questions. You couldn't find anyone to read them to you.*

1-10 *As someone who has a smaller vocabulary than an Ethiopian cookery book, and who thinks reproductive equipment is just a posh term for photocopiers, you're simply too young for childhood yet. You'd probably qualify for the Romanian women's gymnastics team, though.*

11-20 *It seems you're labouring under a misapprehension. Essentially, the idea with a quiz is to answer the questions – not colour in the Os and Ps. Berk!*

21-40 *You're hopelessly out of touch with childhood. As far as you're concerned, tiddlywinks are the little naps you take when you're slightly drunk, blindman's buff's a nudist colony for the visually handicapped, and hopscotch is some kind of beer and whisky cocktail. You need to experience more childish activities: play a few puerile pranks, indulge in silly games, while away the hours in frivolous, inane, senseless pursuits.Spend a couple of days at the House Of Commons; you'll soon get the idea.*

41-100 *Your skin's softer than a heavyweight's brain; you've got fewer body hairs than a fish; and your complexion's clearer than the case for compulsory teenage euthanasia. You're either a classic example of a human being passing through childhood, or you've been OD-ing on Oil Of Ulay.*

101-200 *You've got this childhood business off to a tee: half a dozen tantrums before bedtime; mystery tummy upsets on holiday; not a bluebottle in the house left with its wings on. Great stuff! Pity you're almost 53.*

201-300 *You'll never see acne again. You reckon kiddies are what adenoidal grannies call their cats; you think a seesaw's a blister you get from maritime travel; and your idea of a skateboard is something the fishmonger puts his flatfish on. In short, when it comes to childhood, you're completely lost, baffled, confused and confounded. Join the club.*

301-400 *You incline towards the high-spirited side of childhood. You're naughty, and mischievous, and troublesome, and if you don't stop drawing silly spectacles on the pics in this mag, your old man's going to brain you, sunshine.*

401-500 *Not much anyone could teach you about childhood, old son. You're too thick.*

501-600 *Sure it's not past your bedtime?*

601-700 *You're the epitome of childhood: sweet, pure, innocent, ingenuous, unsophisticated, trusting. Er, you wouldn't be interested in a '76 Mk 2 Cortina, would you?*

701-900 *What you don't know about childhood could be written on the back of a milk tooth. In crayon. By an illiterate three-year-old. Travelling on the Tube. In a strait-jacket. During the rush hour. At Christmas. Bloody cheat.*

901-1100 *Excellent. You evince those delightful characteristics of the common or garden child we all know and love. You find it just a little hard to concentrate, you grow restless easily, your attention span's shorter than a fire-eater's moustache, and . . . oi! come back here, you little brat.*

M O N S T E R M I N D

ban the bum!

Should men's magazines be removed from the top shelves? Indeed, yes! we cry. After all, if you're under 5ft 7ins, it's such a boring bugger asking the newsagent for a step-ladder.

Smugnuss Smugnusson: Our next contestant is Mr. Tit Mag – an odd name if I may say so, Mr. Mag.

Mr. Tit Mag: No odder than Smugnuss Smugnusson! Like many children, my name was inspired by my father's reading.

Smugnuss: I see. Now, Mr. Mag – or may I call you Tit?

Mr. Tit Mag: You'd better not, Smug!

Smugnuss: Perhaps you're right. Mr. Mag, you scored 14 points in our General Knowledge section. Let's see if you can improve on that with your specialist subject, which is?

Mr. Tit Mag: Censorial Claptrap from Mary Whitehouse to Clare Short.

Smugnuss: Correct. Mr. Tit Mag, you have two minutes to answer questions on your specialist subject, starting . . . NOW!

Q: How do the Ban the Bummers always describe Britain's fun-loving sex magazines?

A: As a tide of filth spreading over this green and pleasant land.

Q: Correct. What is the usual definition of filth?

A: Excrement, sewage, effluent, night soil, dung, muck . . .

Q: Enough, already! Correct. Why do these campaigners confuse the beautiful naked female body and the joys of sex with excreta?

A: Pass.

Q: Correct. What is their latest complaint against witty, amusing, life-enhancing men's magazines?

A: That they degrade women.

Q: Correct. What does this opaque phrase mean?

A: It's not entirely clear. I think they mean that if some women are shown to enjoy rolling around with no clothes on, showing their bits to a bunch of men, then men will assume all women enjoy that and think less well of them.

Q: Correct. And if this *was* the case, would it make men think less well of women?

A: Not at all. Men have a very high opinion of women who enjoy pleasing them.

Q: Naturally. But does the activity of a group of randy extroverts actually make men think less of women generally?

A: Of course not. Throughout history there have been randy extrovert women who are anyone's, while the majority of women have always been more selective. Men understand the distinction. In fact, they welcome it.

Q: Correct. Why do they welcome it?

A: Because although men love having fun in the company of randy extrovert women, they don't generally want long-term relationships with them.

Q: Correct. Doesn't this smack of hypocrisy?

A: No, it smacks of lack of energy!

Q: Correct. Why do the bum-banners fear the idea that men will think all women are randy exhibitionists?

A: They believe the idea would encourage men to thrust themselves where they are not wanted.

Q: Correct. What do these depressives think men are?

A: Brutes.

Q: Correct. And are men brutes?

A: Certainly not. The huge majority of men are civilised, humane, loving human beings who have difficulty persuading themselves they are wanted at all and could no more force themselves on a woman than they could fly.

Q: Correct. And are the pitiful minority who *would* do such things turned into brutes by looking at pictures of naked women?

A: There is no evidence at all that they are.

Q: Correct. But is anyone looking for such evidence?

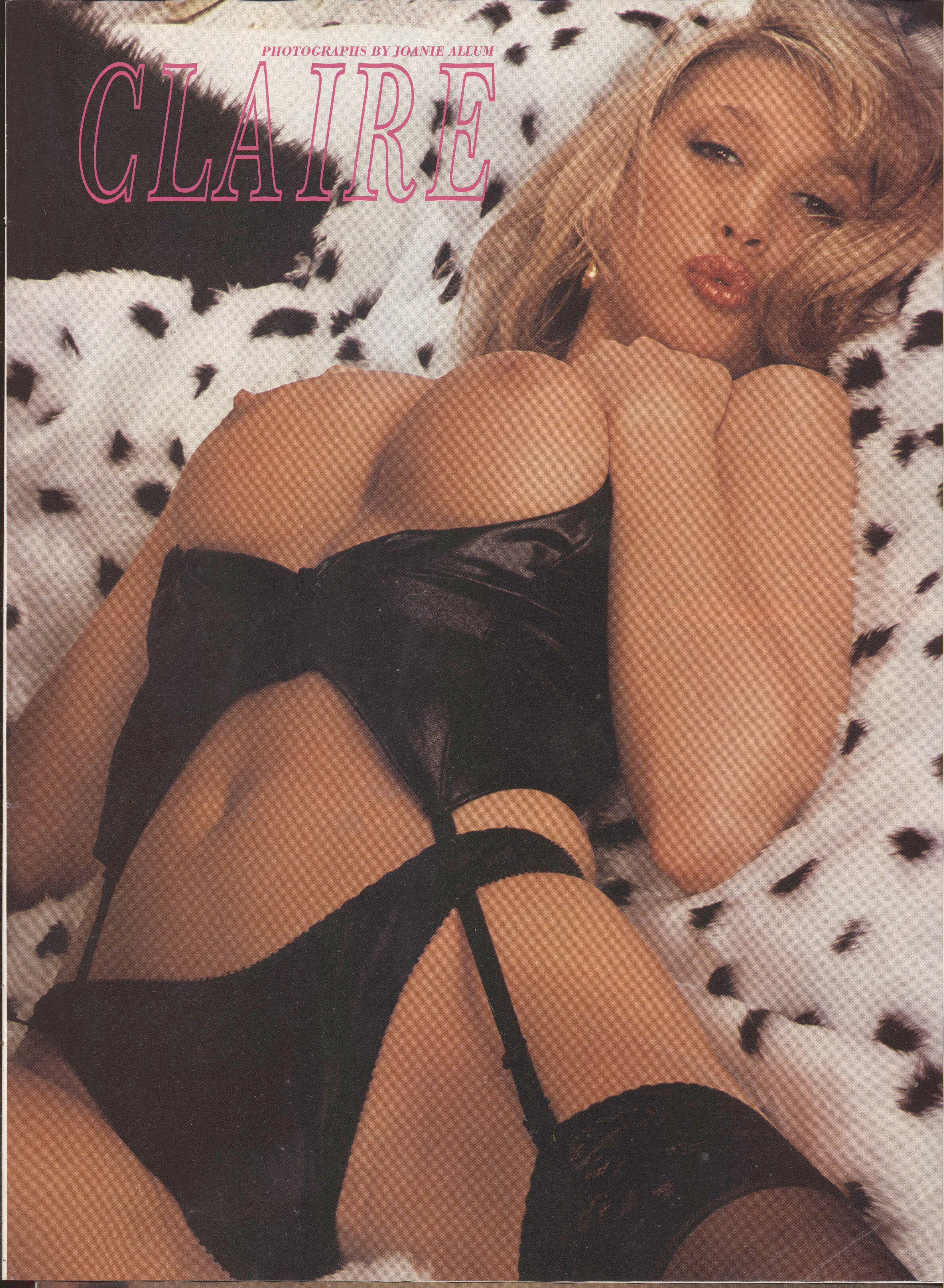
A: Are you kidding? The Ban the Bummers have been trying to prove this since the first men's magazine appeared.

Q: Correct. But perhaps, don't you think, the evidence

continued on page 33

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM

CLAIRE



Claire is a lady of infinite mystery. Chief of the unanswered questions being: why the hell does she put up with us peeping down the front of her blouse, looking up the leg of her shorts to prove she has no knickers on, and generally running our eyes up her thighs so heavily she can feel it?

You might say most women have to put up with this, but Claire might say: "These total idiots can pop into the studio any time and see me stark naked in any pose they have a fancy for – so why look up my skirt when I'm going up the godamn stairs, already?"

But, no, she doesn't say that. In fact, she understands all about clothes and boys and naughty knickers behind the bicycle shed, and admits she likes it really – although she's well-equipped to give you a back-hander for your trouble. Altogether a traditional woman and our kind of gal (36-22-37). MO

DAILY SPORT
OUT OCTOBER 7th
MONDAY
TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY
FRIDAY
SATURDAY
SUNDAY
MON
TUES
WED
THURS
FRI
SAT
SUN
Top model confesses
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ONLY 28p
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from October 7th
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1506

continued from page 26

is being suppressed?
A: Nonsense, if they found the slightest sniff of a link they'd be yelling it from the house-tops.
Q: Correct. But isn't it an overwhelming attraction to women that drives the despicable minority?
A: Rather the contrary, they seem to be angry at women.
Q: Correct. Would banning men's magazines stop these sad cases being angry with women?
A: I can't see why.
Q: Correct. It is a rule of government not to legislate for insane minorities. Why do the Ban the Bummers think they should in this case?
A: They would have us believe all men are potential brutes.
Q: Correct. Why do they want us to believe that?
A: Because it makes the decent majority of men feel unhappy.
Q: Correct. How so?
A: Well, for example, at one time you could walk down a street at night and if a woman was walking your way you'd think: 'she feels safer because I'm here'. Then along comes Ban the Bum and gets the Government to tell a man he should walk on the other side of the road as far away as possible so she won't think he's likely to attack her. So now he thinks: 'I'm scaring this woman by being here', that makes him feel most unhappy.
Q: Correct. Bang goes the knight in shining armour image. Why should the protesters want men to be unhappy?
A: Sexual equality. They're unhappy and so men should be, too.
Q: Correct. Doesn't this mean they are promoting anger against men?
A: They are.
Q: Correct. Shouldn't *they* be banned, then?
A: Possibly, but you can't fight against tradition. Women have always blamed men for everything.
Q: Correct. Does posing nude degrade the women who do it?
A: Yes.
Q: Correct. How so?
A: It degrades them in the eyes of Ban the Bum women.
Q: Correct. What makes these women think less well of them?
A: Because they are pleasing men.
Q: Correct. Why not please men?
A: Because the Ban the Bummers think men are tyrants who stop them expressing themselves as they would like to.
Q: Correct. What do men think?
A: Men think women are tyrants who stop them expressing themselves as they wish.
Q: Correct. Can't men and women come to some compromise here?
A: Apparently not.
Q: Correct. Have the Bum Banners any more realistic objections to men's magazines?
A: They're annoyed that men may masturbate over such pictures and so not need to come crawling to them begging for sex.
Q: Correct. But if they hate men so much, why should they want them to come begging for sex?
A: They love to say no!
Q: Correct. Surely there are more logical objections?
A: No, these are the most reasonable.
Q: Correct. But are there others?
A: Indeed. There is the religious objection.
Q: Correct. What is this based on?
A: Religious objectors believe the female body is disgusting because it gives rise to lust.
Q: Correct. Don't these people believe that God made the female body?
A: Certainly.
Q: Correct. Don't they see the danger of blasphemy in their reaction to it?
A: No, they think God believes it's filthy, too.
Q: Correct. Wouldn't creating such an object make God a pornographer?
A: Not exactly. They believe God thinks the female bits are all right if used in a specific way.
Q: Correct. And how should they be used?
A: They should be covered in tweed suits at all times, except for special occasions when they may be unveiled and used to provoke lust.
Q: Correct. So provoking lust is not all bad?
A: Not when the lust results in children.
Q: Correct. So God created lust on the understanding that it wouldn't be used much?
A: Exactly.
Q: Correct. Is there any evidence that God thinks this way?
A: Not really. In fact, he was very fond of a guy called Solomon who had hundreds of wives and all the extrovert trollops he could find.
Q: Correct. Did these extrovert concubines pose naked for him?
A: Of course. One had breasts that were like two roe deer that are twins. It says so in the Bible.
Q: Correct. So why do these people imagine God thinks like a prudish old maid?
A: Well, they believe he made them in his image.
Q: Correct. Any more tangible reasons?
A: There is evidence that St. Paul thought like that.
Q: Correct. What was his problem, then?
A: St. Paul was much influenced by Greek Platonic philosophy.
Q: Correct. And what was the view of Platonic Greeks?
A: They used women for childbearing but preferred boys for pleasure.
Q: Correct. So . . . I've started so I'll finish. So the religious objection to the female body is based on the jaundiced view of a bunch of raving pooftahs?
A: Yes.
Smugnuss: Correct. Mr. Tit Mag, you have scored 44 points! A record. You passed on one. The reason sexuality is associated with excrement by some is usually held to be the juxtaposition, in the human body, between the anus and the genitals. In short the Ban the Bummers can't tell their cunts from their arseholes. Can we have the next contestant, please . . ./*Tym Manley*.

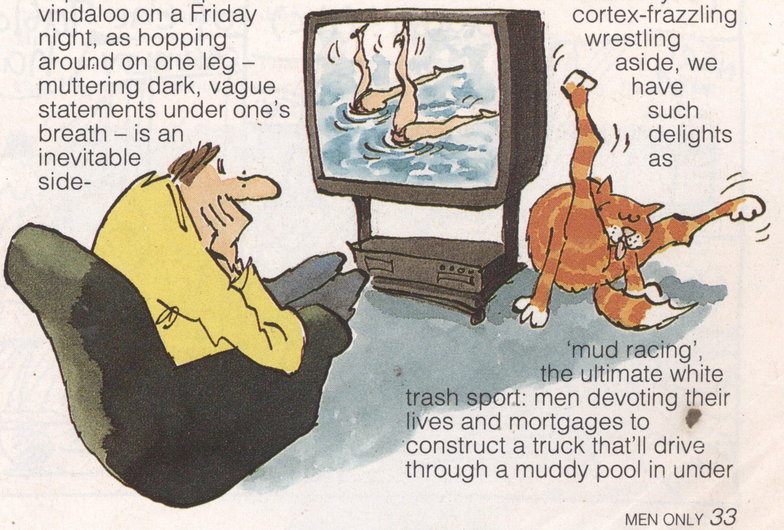
M E D I A M A N I A

this sporting strife

Our man with the remote control super-glued to his hand rants about TV sport, concluding that there's nothing wrong with synchronized swimming – except a lack of piranha fish.

American Football was bad enough: legalised GBH among a bunch of cocaine-crazed, steroid-psychotic leftovers from Dr. Frankenstein's reject pile, but then Channel 4 thought we might enjoy Australian Rules (sic) football, in which lanky thugs deemed too antisocial to be allowed in the bars of Melbourne are permitted to run amok in public, committing assault and battery upon each other. OK, so violence as sport can be fun and C4 has every right to screen 99 methods of reducing one's adversary to a bloody pulp. But they've gone too far with their latest venture: kabbadi.

Has anyone seen this nonsense? In essence, it's an Indian version of British Bulldog, a game schoolboys resort to as a means of unleashing acne'd sexual tension or because there's no Players No. 6 to smoke behind the bike sheds. But would you televise it? I mean, why not hopscotch jamborees, or Kevin vs. Sharon marathon snogging behind the portakabins at lunch break? Anything has to be more entertaining than kabbadi: a group of grown adults hopping around like Jiminy Cricket on PCP, muttering under their breath as their opponents link arms, looking for all the world like a failed rehearsal for the Punjabi Am-Dram production of *South Pacific*. But, as C4 insist, it's *the* game on the subcontinent, which will make sense to all of us who've ever experienced a prawn vindaloo on a Friday night, as hopping around on one leg – muttering dark, vague statements under one's breath – is an inevitable side-effect of Indian cuisine.



Why anyone would actually want to watch a gang of constipation victims seek relief is beyond me. Then again, you can say the same for many of the alleged 'sports' now filling our screens. C4 don't own the franchise on bizarre competition – the satellite boys are way ahead when it comes to lunacy as a spectator sport. The utterly cortex-frazzling wrestling aside, we have such delights as 'mud racing', the ultimate white trash sport: men devoting their lives and mortgages to construct a truck that'll drive through a muddy pool in under

3.562 seconds. That's it. Nothing else occurs. The packed arena in some God-forsaken mid-west boondock watches agog as truck after truck sploshes through the gloop in 3.562 seconds, with never any explanation of what it all *means*, or why these idiots can't think of anything better to do with their spare time. The commentators, however, are beside themselves: "Ah shewer thart that thair vee-hickle wuz gunna git plum stuck in th'brain stuff!" yells Randy 'Toots' Weinstock, five times winner of the Mississippi Mud Bowl trophy, a man who doubtless wears a baseball cap backwards and slops Bud down his plaid shirt whenever forced to contemplate the higher things in life. Meanwhile, all the viewer can do is try to make sense of the senseless and ponder upon whether or not he should renew his subscription to BSkyB.

Renew it he should, as armchair sportsmen have never been so spoilt for choice. Only on BSkyB can you experience the cut and thrust of Scottish Second Division Football, or swoon to nitroglycerine-powered drag racing from some abandoned airstrip in South Carolina, or share in the tension of curling from Toronto. They bring you the world of sports, which is fine until you realise that the world is peopled entirely by fruitcakes.

BSkyB do try, though. Take their cricket coverage. Who else but Murdochvision would dream up the dazzling idea of placing microphones in the stumps? A blinding scheme, this, as it allows us to thrill to the many and varied opinions of Merv Hughes concerning the parentage and sexual proclivities of England batsmen. It sure as hell beats BBCl's coverage, presided over by Richie Benaud, a man who at all times appears to be desperately trying to retain a suppository in his rectum, and featuring Jack Bannister, a commentator who could induce narcolepsy in a speed freak. Not that anyone listens, as we're all tuned into jolly old Radio 3, where play is gauged not by runs scored, but by the amount of rather pleasant bottles of Château Lafitte '37 consumed, with the result that, by 4.30pm, no one in the commentary box is *compus mentis* enough to give a bugger who's playing, or what the score is . . . just like cricket should be experienced.

Football coverage could benefit from such an attitude. I saw Jimmy Greaves play once upon a time, in the twilight of his career as he was eking out a miserable existence playing for Barnet against Kettering, the target for non-stop chants of 'who's the pisshead with no hair?' He was more fun back then. Certainly more fun than now he's practically The Voice of Soccer on ITV, 'enlightening' viewers with his pinpoint observations and trenchant wit. But then footballers are hardly renowned for IQ ratings that shatter the Mensa scale, a fact reinforced by Trevor Brooking being held up as football's answer to Wittgenstein. Soccer commentators are guilty of one cardinal sin: they believe the viewers want (nay, *demand*) a rational, balanced, dispassionate overview of the game – a theory which, as anyone who has ever graced a terrace from the San Siro to Hackney Marshes knows, is utter gnat's knackers. Watching football is nothing more than an excuse for 90 minutes of threatening behaviour, hurling obscenities and generally doing all kinds of things which in everyday life would get you arrested. Armchair football fans behave no differently: drunk, psychotic and liable to beat up the goldfish in moments of extreme stress. We should follow the Latin American 'GOOOOOOOOAAAAAL!' commentary technique and have ourselves a commentary which reflects the passion and drama of soccer. Instead, we're lumbered with Motson, Davies, Moore and the deranged excitement of a defective 'I Speak Your Weight' machine.

At least football keeps otherwise disruptive sections of society (like myself) off the streets for an hour and a half, which is more than can be said for the cut and thrust of synchronised swimming, a sport of ineffable naffness and an event that is to drama what Steve MacMahon is to etiquette and courtesy. You know what happens: women who resemble assistants sacked from the Boots cosmetics department for wearing too much make-up affix clothes' pegs to their noses and wiggle their legs in the air a lot. This sends the commentators into raptures: "Oooh! A beautifully-executed *maserati del coccalulu* move." Huh, looks like the 'wiggling the legs' move again to me, pal. Yet they take it seriously; they take *all* sports seriously – even bowls, the 'rollerball' of the Sanatogen set; even snooker, for that matter . . . bloody snooker.

I know who watches snooker: people like your 98-year-old gran, that's who. It's a Godsend to OAPs as it means they can enjoy competitive sport without having to worry that the thrill level might endanger their dodgy ticker. Snooker has huge ratings, yes, but of those 15 million viewers, only 18 are actually awake; the rest OD'd on Fisherman's Friends and Vicks Chest Rub hours before. Davis, Hendry and the rest of those polyester-clad somnambulants are the TV version of Valium: depressing, dull, but highly addictive.

TV sport must be addictive. How else can you explain the popularity of any kind of motorsport on the box? Actually, we're all very secretive about the *real* reason we watch Grand Prix – we swear blind we're desperately interested in slipstream co-efficiency factors, brake horsepower ratios, pit crew teamwork and so on – when we know in our heart of hearts we have a ghoulish desire for something to go terribly wrong so we can be witness to a high-octane *KER-SPLAT!* 'cos Grand Prix is what we turn to when we're of an age to get embarrassed about reading Batman comics. It's big kids stuff, really; soapbox racing with big bucks and bimbos.

TV sport isn't going to go away. In fact, we're stuck with it and it's going to get worse. US TV has invented the 'Gladiator Series', a new sport where musclebound hunks and hunkettes biff one another with jousting spears in an attempt to deposit their opponent into a big bath of gunk. In other words, you've got an *It's A Knockout* with balls; sport becoming a TV gameshow, which is the direction we seem to be heading, especially if the Yanks have their way with the 1994 World Cup: bigger goals, 25-minute quarters so there's more advertising airtime.

We've already seen the effects – cricket played in multicoloured pyjamas, giving the noble game the appearance of a fashion show sponsored by 'What She Wants'. God knows where it'll end. In the future we'll all very likely be able to participate in major sporting events from the comfort of our armchairs: "Was Rush offside by a mile? Was Gooch plumb LBW? Is kabbadi a load of old elephant dung? *You*, the viewer, can decide. Ring 0898 . . ."/ *Howard Lake.*

gaynor

photographs by joanie allum

You've probably gathered from the occasional hymns of praise that turn up from time to time in this here magazine that Gaynor Bell is quite the sexiest lady you could ever hope to be stuck in the lift with, and we know for certain that the Great Baldoni has programmed the damn thing to jam at random in the hope that one day it will be just Gaynor and him!

A thought which has also occurred to Gaynor, who prefers to walk up the stairs (34-22-36).

The bits of Ms. Bell which meet the eye, including her legendary bottom, are all on display right here. But the rest of it is hard to explain. I've asked around but all I get is: "Gaynor? She's from Liverpool, she's all right, she's lovely."

Eloquent lot, aren't we?

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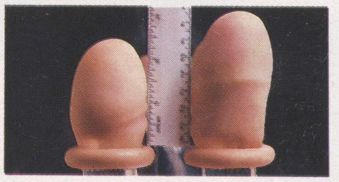

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hugeglands

The only girl in the world to have a housing estate built over her left tit explains what life is all about.

Dear Daphne: I have written a song for you, based on a well-known First World War ditty. It goes as follows:

Hello, Daphne, I must spunk you
Though it breaks my balls to spew
Something tells me sex is needed
At the front end (high and low)
See, my solid prick is jerking
And I can no longer stay
Fuck! I see my jism flying
Hello, Daph – wey-hey!

(Archibald Reginald Stanley Ealing [Pte. ret.], Wipers Alley, Whitby.)

P.S. I am 103 years old and don't feel a day over 101.

Dear Reginald: Thank you for making such a splendid effort, but should you be writing this kind of thing outside of a life support machine?

Dear Daphne: Now that so much of publishing is going over to computers, I would like to be the first of your devoted readers to send you an obscene fan message on a floppy disc!

Your pendulous, roseate orbs are the glowing pearls of my existence, twin likenesses of the effulgent moon, soft, sweet-fleshed plums of the ripest, most enthralling sensuality. When I feast my eyes upon them my heart thunders, my organ swells to a new pitch of excitement, and I discover, weak, lust-enslaved male that I am, that I could really go a good grobble.

Actually, Daphs, I am writing under slightly false pretences, since I have just given you examples of two new wordprocessing programs created by my small software company.

The first is BardChat – a program designed to give any of your written statements the authentic Shakespearean touch. Think of the prestige it would add to the simplest of your notes. I bet you'd get gold top every day if your milkman had a BardChat note waiting for him each morning!

The other program is Virofilth – designed to scatter any one of 13,734 obscenities – darling, I'd really love to sniff your knickers – randomly throughout any text. What an arsehole! Guaranteed to liven up the dullest annual report, and make each press release a collector's item, it's the kind of imaginative touch – on your back; open those legs! – British software has been waiting for, plonker face.

What do you think, Daphne?

At the very least this letter has enabled me to express my true feelings for you, bring my product to a wider public and let me have a really good wank over your pictures.

(Alfred Stroeb-Dangerman, Soft and Floppy Ltd., Danair House, Canvey Island.)

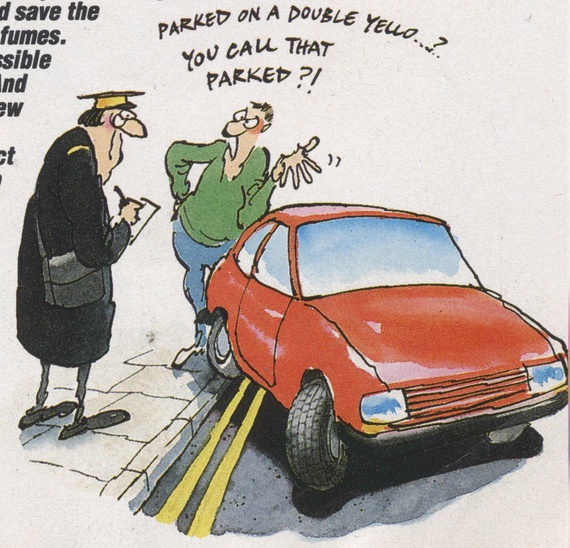
Dear Alfred: I'm always pleased to hear from my fans and I wish your products every success. Unfortunately, they are not a great deal of use to me personally. My fans keep me well supplied with all the filth I can handle and I don't think Shakespearean notes would make much difference to my milkman. He's already giving me so much gold top I have to carry him back to his float every morning.

F E E B L E   E X C U S E S

yellow peril

Your buttocks clench, your teeth grind, your gonads do the hippy-hippy-shake-shake with all of their might . . . So, why *were* you parked on the central reservation, sir?

40. Good Lord! I thought they put those yellow lines there to help you align your tyres.
39. I get agoraphobic in car parks.
38. There's a rumour the Queen's coming to pick up her groceries; I'm reserving a space for her.
37. I thought that by leaving my car on these lines, I could stop people parking here.
36. It's a Skoda; I was hoping someone would tow it away.
35. As it happens, I'm colour-blind to that particular shade of yellow.
34. I keep getting these delusions that I'm a doctor on call.
33. There was a sudden heatwave; the paint melted; and my tyres got stuck.
32. It was terribly presumptuous of me; I thought traffic wardens were human for a moment there.
31. Rent-A-Hazard, at your service, guv.
30. Yes, I admit it! I'm a fixed-penalty-ophillac.
29. The car's reversing at exactly the same speed as the Earth's forward rotational velocity; so it only looks as though it's stationary.
28. Typical, isn't it? You leave your car in a quiet country field, and when you come back 25 years later, somebody's put a main street and a couple of yellow lines under it!
27. It's not parked; I'm trying to drive it by telekinesis.
26. But I thought the sign said: Parking? Fine!
25. Yes, I know it's illegal to park on double yellow lines, but these are quite definitely lemon.
24. I just popped into the bank to pledge a donation to the Traffic Wardens' Benevolent Fund.
23. After 13 pints and a bottle of whisky for lunch, surely a man can be forgiven for thinking he was seeing a single yellow line twice?
22. Annual council workers' health check; this week, we're testing traffic wardens' drool glands.
21. Just doing my bit to stop people dropping fag packets in the gutter.
20. The car's not taxed or, for that matter, insured, so I didn't think it would count.
19. Main street? Good Lord! I knew my reversing technique into the garage was getting a bit inaccurate, but this is ridiculous.
18. Flood Prevention Unit, sir; my tyres are blocking the flow of rainwater to a dangerously overstressed drain.
17. I'm on my annual vacation to Britain; I've only got three weeks to find a parking space.
16. A double yellow line? I just thought it was where some pavement artist had been cleaning his brushes.
15. I'm trying to give up my hardened crime addiction by cutting down gradually.
14. Tell me: how long have you been seeing imaginary vehicles parked at the side of the road?
13. Urban thoroughfare safety inspection, squire; just carrying out a spot of double yellow line stress assessment.
12. I had this blinding flash of environmental responsibility and just had to pull over and save the world from my exhaust fumes.
11. I'm researching possible locations for the Do's And Don'ts section of the new Highway Code.
10. Where do you expect the average motorist to park when hordes of inconsiderate pedestrians insist on walking on the pavement?
9. I was just seeing whether yellow stripes down the side of our driveway would match my wheeltrim.
8. Noise Abatement Society; I'm afraid this shade of yellow is just too loud to remain uncovered any longer, sir.
7. I'm training to be a foreign diplomat.
6. Parked? Don't be ridiculous. It's just that the transmission's so slow, I'm able to pick up a week's shopping before the clutch engages.
5. Are you mad? That car is precisely postioned to counterbalance stress along a major fault line, and thereby avert the possibility of earthquakes.
4. It's for a good cause; the rooftop sniper over the street's slipped me 50 quid to lure a traffic warden out into the open.
3. You mean these yellow lines are not the slime trails of two migrating giant Chinese snails?
2. It's OK; I bought this kerbside from a man in the Crown & Anchor last Friday night.
1. I can't walk far – I'm a registered Idle Sod.



debbie

photographs by joanie allum

debbie was the waitress who kept bringing us expensive fizzy water when we asked for Frascati, brought us entirely the wrong pizzas and, when the man Gurgul asked for an American hot, dragged in a confused, sweating tourist from Milwaukee and bunged him straight on the table with a side-salad.

(This last bit is a tad exaggerated, but you get the picture.)

She was the waitress we tried to avoid at the local pizzarrhoea, but seeing everyone else was trying to avoid her, too, she kept following us around. Finally, she poured two steaming platefuls of strachiatella over the £500 shirts of two photographers and we suddenly took a liking to her. (I mean,

five hundred quid on a shirt? They've got to be insane.) And then she burst into tears and said she wasn't cut out for the job, so, as we'd not been able to keep our eyes off her wobbly blouse and gyrating skirt all lunchtime and had, therefore, filled our ears with pizza, we suggested a job she might enjoy more. And she does. Still gets a mite confused between her boobs and her bottom, but in Debbie's case either will do (37-23-37).

MEN ONLY

all the nudes

Little did I suspect, on that sunny August afternoon, the incredible story that was soon to break. I could already see the headline for next Friday's edition . . . Fiction by Howard Lake.

Life on the *Snodderidge Argus* was real thrill-a-minute, hard-hitting investigative stuff; we covered the stories the dailies never even considered and as the *Argus*'s chief reporter I was there in the thick of things every day. Talk about a prestigious post – why, hadn't I scooped the coveted 'Silver Sow' award for best agricultural story back in 1987? What a story that had been – a powerful no-punches-pulled exposé of dodgy practices at Mr. McFee's Piggery in Nether Trumpbottom. To an intrepid reporter like myself, such stories were meat and drink. When I realised there was a feature in it, I went for it – no holding back. But what I wanted most of all was the Big One – the National Scoop I knew would come one day and then the nation would know the name of Harvey Gladstone.

Little did I suspect, on that sunny August afternoon, the incredible story that was soon to break. I had just returned from Dingle Wassock with everything fit to print on the case of those funny plain brown parcels that kept turning up at the vicarage. All the pieces were fitting together and, as I entered the *Argus* office, I could already see the headline for next Friday's edition: *Randy Rev's Rubber Wassock Cassock*. That should set the tongues wagging in the Gelded Stallion, Saturday morning.

So I was feeling flushed with success as I pushed open the door to the office, to be immediately confronted by the sight of Deidre's bum stretching an already-too-small miniskirt to lengths unsanctioned by the British Standards Authority. It looked for all the world like a pair of satsumas wrestling in clingfilm and my hand flew onto automatic pilot just about to score 180 on those undulating hillocks when the sound of O'Brien's voice caused me to abort mission just seconds from victory.

"Gladstone," he greeted me cordially. "Where in buggery have you been?"

I turned to address him. O'Brien, my editor. He'd been with us two years now. Used to be quite a high-flyer on one of the national dailies until an unfortunate incident during a massage parlour investigation proved his downfall. Apparently, O'Brien had forgotten to make his excuses and leave, with the result that the proprietor of the said establishment ended up in possession of some highly-interesting snaps of O'Brien and two young nymphettes called Naomi and Sugar exploring the intimate possibilities of a bottle of baby lotion and a large sheet of PVC.

He didn't like to talk about it.

"Been covering the Dingle Wassock vicar story, chief," I informed him before he could fire a shot across my bows. "Looks like we've got us a splash, at least."

"Sod that," was O'Brien's comment. "I've got a far better story for you to cover. Make us same tea, Deidre, love."

Making tea was Deidre's finest talent, if one discounted her ability to economise on clothing fabric. She was O'Brien's secretary, which made her not responsible for typing, filing and answering the phone. She could, however, wiggle and was pleasantly open to suggestions after two pints of snakebite on a Friday night. I suspected this to be the reason O'Brien continued to employ her.

"So what's the story, boss?" I asked, as Deidre slopped tea into my crotch and borrowed my handkerchief to mop up the spillage.

"You know the Denzil-Farquasons?" asked O'Brien.

"Sure," I nodded, trying to ignore Deidre's fluttering fingers pressing into my groin. "They're the biggest and oldest family in Upper Bottomthrope. Worth millions, well-connected, all that stuff. What about them?"

"Well," said O'Brien, trying to ignore the lump that was forming in my trousers, "the Denzil-Farquasons are holding same big bash this weekend – one of their annual get-togethers for family and friends and my sources tell me there

could be a bit of royalty present."

"Anyone big?" I enquired keenly.

"Some duke or count or earl or something," shrugged my boss. "The thing is, I want you to cover it – try to get behind the façade of the upper classes; give us what really happens at these high society affairs . . ."

Something occurred to me. "I haven't been invited," I pointed out.

O'Brien looked disappointed. "You're a reporter, Harvey," he told me. "You don't need a bloody invitation. Use your skill, your intuition. Just get in there and give me something worthwhile for a change. I'm sick of stories about piggeries!"

I bridled at this impugning of my journalistic skill, or maybe it was the view of Deidre's mountainous cleavage that did it as she finished her mopping-up task, leaving me with something in my trousers that bore close resemblance to Ernie Stoat's prizewinning cucumber at the 1989 Nether Trumpbottom Village Fête.

"OK, boss," I sighed wearily. "I'll get on to it."

After a couple of pints of Old Ferretsbreath in the Crown & Muckspreader, I began to feel a little more enthusiastic about the assignment. After all, it was royalty and royalty could be good copy. All it took was a few sherries too many and you had it made: *Drunken Duchess Gets 'Em Down!* – that was the subtle kind of angle this story needed. It was also going to require a certain amount of subterfuge on my part actually to gain entry to the knees-up in the first place, so, like any good reporter, I decided to put my contacts to use.

Jethro Furmity had been head gardener of the Denzil-Farquason estate since the Crimean War, or so it seemed. He also enjoyed a few pints of Old Ferretsbreath as well, although tonight, as I plied him with pints in the hope of working out a means of getting into the party, his tastes shifted towards the more exotic beverages on sale in the Crown & Muckspreader. Three triple Drambuies, four Chivas Regals and a half of Creme de Menthe later, I got the information I required. At least I could claim it on expenses. As things went, I was quite excited; elated even. This was going to be one hell of a story!

On Saturday morning I discovered my elation to have been due to an inordinate consumption of Old Ferretsbreath. The day dawned bright and clear, but I didn't. Four black coffees later, the shaking and temporary blindness had cleared, though the hairs on my palms remained as I climbed into my court reporting suit and headed for Upper Bottomthrope.

Letitia shrieked, seizing my salami and lowering her head to treat me to something that most commoners would've killed for.

As I skirted the perimeters of the estate, the sight of enough Rolls-Royces to keep an Arab sultan happy confirmed that the bash was definitely a high-class affair. As my Lada Riva might have been a tad conspicuous parked among all that plush vehicular overkill, I parked beside Granny Greybeard's Copse (named after a local transvestite who frequented the area in the 1860s) and headed on foot, taking care to negotiate the mantraps which littered the spinney as I approached the vast lawns and gardens of the Denzil-Farquason spread.

The chatter of the monied classes rose like the sound of a flock of starlings disturbed by a revolutionary form of bionic scarecrow and informed me the party was in full swing. Using stealth and cunning, I edged through the topiary gardens towards the babbling throng, confident I could infiltrate their ranks unseen. However, this confidence proved somewhat misplaced as I rounded a privet chicken and walked slap-bang into the most curious scene.

Of course, I recognised Lady Arabella immediately. After all, it was only a fortnight since I covered her attendance at the Sprocket-cum-Hardy Australian Rules Football Club dinner and dance. However, the identity of the young man with her eluded me, as did any possible reason why he should be sniffing what appeared to be Ajax off m'lady's bountiful bosom. Yet Lady Arabella seemed unconcerned, even going so far as to offer me a 'toot' – whatever that meant. Clearly, I'd stumbled upon same quaint custom of the upper classes – a fertility rite, perhaps. Whatever, I had no place there and pressed on to join the bunfight on the front lawns.

How I was ever going to get a story from this I didn't know. It seemed a rather drab affair, if you discounted the three naked young men performing some kind of modern dance routine in the Capability Brown fountain. Or the charming manner in which the more delicately-formed young maidens present performed the ancient and charming custom of displaying their underwear, much to the delight of the older gents present. All in all, it looked like I'd struck out here. Dolefully, I wandered over to the buffet table and dutifully noted the spread on offer – if nothing else, the *Argus* readers would be fascinated to know what eats were available. It was as I was listing the multifarious array of canapes that my luck changed.

"You're a journalist, aren't you?" the voice drawled behind me. "An effing bloody journalist!"

I swiftly stashed my notepad in my pocket and swivelled to face my accuser. Alas, when I saw her my professional cool was somewhat shattered, her appearance startling me to such an extent I jammed my finger into a prawn vol-au-vent.

Letitia Denzil-Farquason, daughter of Lord and Lady Denzil-Farquason, descendant of Lord 'Mental' Denzil-Farquason, noted for removing all his clothes and impersonating a spruce tree at the Battle of Agincourt, hence the name, 'Robert the Spruce'. These families went back a few centuries and Letitia was but the latest in a long line. However, inbreeding hadn't worked its toll upon her, as was often the case in the upper echelons of society. In fact, Letitia was considered quite a prize among the aristocracy and it was easy to see why. The girl was beautiful, her face a mask of clear complexion and dark, flashing eyes. Her lips were lush, sensual – a man could get quite beside himself before he even noticed her body. And when he did, he was doomed, for Letitia had a figure as sleek and conditioned as a finely-tuned Bentley; everything about her spelled TROUBLE – and with good reason. She was hardly the quiet, refined type; her breeding and education had not produced a picture of decorum, not if you believed the stories you read in the papers, where Letitia was hardly ever out of the gossip columns on account of some outrage or other. Her latest escapade involved a distant heir to the throne, his trousers and a plate of blancmange. Buckingham Palace had been tight-lipped on the matter.

But she was here, beside me, looking devastating in a polka-dot dress and matching hat so huge it looked like a psychedelic sombrero. Now here, I thought, was a story; the inside guff on Letitia Denzil-Farquason.

"Have you finished?" she asked.

"I was just working out my opening paragraph," I told her.

She nodded knowingly. "I know the kind of thing," she sighed. "All about me getting drunk and disgracing the family name, as usual. I'm surprised you even bother writing about me."

I shrugged. "It's a good story. People like reading stuff like that."

Letitia gazed at me pointedly. "I could have you thrown out, you know," she said. "You're a gatecrasher, aren't you?"

"I'm a journalist," I said in my defence.

Letitia continued to stare, then she shrugged in a couldn't-care-less kind of way.

"What the hell," she said. "Write what you want. See if I give a toss." Then she was gone, walking slowly towards the maze. I followed, eager for a quote.

"How come you feel the need to act so wild?" I enquired, as she grabbed a bottle of champagne from a handily-placed ice-bucket and glugged a good mouthful.

"Because this life is so bloody boring," Letitia replied, passing me the bottle. "All these damn debutant parties and summer balls. Jesus, they're dull. I just want to party, to let my hair down."

"Is that why you did a striptease at the Oxbridge Valedictory Dinner and Dance,

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JUSTINE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND

Remember when you were a kid? You got covered in ice cream, chocolate, mud and slime, and wandered around with a great big grin on your mucky face. Well, Justine hasn't lost that pleasure. We caught her, covered in sweat after a work-out, for a good reason – she looks her best when she's mucky. She and her guy like nothing better than working themselves into sticky sweaty blobs, then getting together on the gym floor for a slipping and sliding sex session, during which, we've been reliably informed, the sound closely resembles a herd of elephants dancing in thick mud (32-22-36). The gungier she is, the more turned on she gets. And like she says: "The fun parts of the body are the slimy places, so it's got to be good!" MO

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then?" I probed, relentlessly.

Letitia giggled at the memory. "I did that because I enjoy showing off my body," she confessed. "Plus, I had the horn for the President of the Committee. Such a nice man – pity about the size of his willy."

This was more like it! Trailing in her wake, I furtively noted down Letitia's words as we strolled into the leafy maze. Letitia was certainly candid when it came to the more sordid aspects of her notorious past. I only hoped she knew her way around this maze as well.

"And, of course, he was so good at eating pussy, I felt almost *obliged* to give him a blow-job," Letitia drawled, describing her encounter with a senior cabinet minister. "It was the done thing, really. Plus, he'd promised me a sports car if I bonked him."

My pen was leaving scorch marks in its wake as it sped across my notebook. I'd lost track of where we were. I could hear the party from behind the hedges, but my orientation was starting to get a little awry. Where the hell were we . . .?

"The centre of the maze," Letitia announced. "One of my favourite places. So peaceful, so quiet, so . . . private."

"Indeed," I nodded thoughtfully as she marked out the perimeters of the green box in her stiletto heels.

"No one can find us here," she informed me. "This is one of the most difficult mazes in the world. They say you have to walk it seventy-two times before you fully understand how it works."

"And how many times have you walked it?" I asked.

"Three."

"Three?"

"Ummm," murmured Letitia, "so, basically, we're stuck. I don't know how to get out. We could be stuck here for ever – isn't that a thought?"

Yes, it was. It had also crossed my mind I was stuck here with a potential fruitcake with honours. Letitia had a crazy glint in her eye that unnerved me. However, I had to ask the question, even though the possible answer made me anxious.

"Er, so what do we do now?"

In a flash, I was pinned against a privet hedge, twigs jammed into my backside as Letitia Denzil-Farquason had me in a full body press, her lips fixed upon mine, her remarkable tongue plunging into my mouth and tango-ing on my soft palate.

She broke away, breathless with urgent desire. "C'mon, smalltown reporter," she

Her fierce tits jiggled in my palms as I drove home my sword of valour, taking Letitia to the heights she so desperately wanted to scale.

panted. "You want an in-depth story? How about this?"

She reached up and grabbed the tie holding her dress in place. One savage rent and the whole thing fell away, displaying a body of which she had every right to be proud. The sunlight danced on her perky brown nipples as they crinkled fiercely upon the tips of hard, firm gravity-defying breasts.

"I don't think I'm ready!" I gabbled in panic as Letitia's deft fingers pulled off my jacket and set to work on my trouser zipper.

"I am," she breathed, her eyes shining. "I haven't had a decent rooting since breakfast!"

"Breakfast?" I should have noted that down, but my mind and hands were otherwise occupied as Letitia yanked my trousers over my ankles, causing me to land with a wet splat on the grass.

"Yes, breakfast." She filled me in on the details. "Mama's butler, Hovis. He's 63, but he's got a splendid cock!"

It was about this time I resigned myself to the fact I was in the company of an incorrigible nymphomaniac and it was clear that simple protestations of chastity and purity weren't going to have any effect on her. What I needed was a different tack.

"What about your reputation?" I demanded, as my shirt fluttered across the centre of the maze and hooked neatly over the head of a marble faun statuette. "The Sunday papers would kill for a story like this!"

"Bugger them!" Letitia countered. "They'll never print. Not when I know what I know about their editors and what they get up to in private."

"Really?" I was intrigued, but any more information would have to wait as Letitia was poised with her fingers on the waistband of my underpants and not about to go back now.

"WILLY!" she shrieked as my smalls disappeared into the ornamental goldfish pond, causing irreparable ecological damage, not that she minded, she being far more interested in her prize, seizing my salami and lowering her head to treat me to something that most commoners would've killed for.

"I bet you didn't learn this at finishing school!" I groaned, as Letitia's tongue, lips and teeth performed a wet fandango upon my tumescent tool.

"Damn right I *did*!" she retorted. "Fellatio and assorted oral techniques – year three, second term, just after S&M in polite society."

"Wow!" I breathed, as she went down for another mouthful, her immaculately-manicured fingernails teasing my balls till they seemed impossibly swollen. "What else did you learn there?"

"Talking dirty for beginners," she informed me, shedding her knickers and swinging a firm thigh over me in one swift movement. "So c'mon, you big fucking stud – screw the life out of me!"

There was no way one could refuse an offer like that, especially when Letitia had my pulsating dick in her grasp and was easing my shaft over her perfectly-formed cunny lips. It would have been improper etiquette to have refused – at least, that was what I planned to tell O'Brien later.

"Ooooooooooh!" Letitia emoted as our union was cemented. "That's what one calls a right stonking piece of meat!"

"Does one?" I enquired, but now she was off at a gallop, her loins grinding against mine like she was racing for the finish in a point-to-point – I reckon all that equestrianism must have a stimulating effect upon the libido.

It sure did with her. Not content with one position, she insisted we cover every possibility, except the missionary position which she deemed too staid: "Who wants to fuck like a bloody *missionary*, huh?" she affirmed. "All the natives were doing fine until they went and stuck their oar in." Made sense to me.

"All the way!" she urged as I gripped her by the hips, her rounded twin peaches bent over the memorial seat to the fifteenth Lord ('Quentin' – who confounded all observers by producing an heir when all the evidence, including a male friend called 'Julian', suggested otherwise). Her fierce tits jiggled in my palms as I drove home my sword of valour, taking Letitia to the heights she so desperately wanted to scale.

"That's right! That's right!" she yelled, thrusting her quim back on to my dick. "Dick me harder, no quarter given. Make me scream!"

"Anything you say, m'lady," I grunted, sounding all the world like Parker from *Thunderbirds* as I redoubled my efforts and spurred Letitia to a long drawn-out climax, her vocalising of which must have raised the hackles of every canine in Upper Bottomthrope *and* concerned the sheep grazing in Dingle Wassock – as if they didn't already have enough to worry them with that vicar around.

"Is this it?" O'Brien's face visibly sagged as he scanned the copy I handed to him the next morning. *"Lady Arabella's Vol-au-Vents Cause Sensation At Tea Party?"*

"They were something else, boss," I enthused. "Only the freshest prawns, the lightest, most delicate pastry . . ."

O'Brien wasn't interested in my gourmet expertise. "But what about the scandal?" he demanded. "The orgies, the rampant drug abuse?"

"I saw the Earl of Quigley-Fartwell smoke a Capstan Full Strength," I mused. "Does that count?"

He wasn't convinced. "How do I know you were even there?" he said.

Maybe I could have shown him my lacerated underpants, or my shirt covered in lipstick kisses and minus any buttons, or my trousers, the fly jammed on open, or the sad state of my poor dong, called upon for service way beyond the demands of duty as the insatiable Letitia called for encores well into the night as payment for her telling me the way out of the maze. And then again.

"You'll just have to take my word for it, boss," I said brightly. "I was there, no doubt about that." MO

KATHRYN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IAN POTTER

She's from an unpronounceable place in Wales which she left because: "They said I was a dirty girl because I like sex and I said so." We know from experience that the Welsh like girls who like sex. "Oh, they like girls who like sex. So long as they don't *say* so. And so long as they don't say *who* they like it with. You're a dirty girl if you say you were doing it with so and so behind the church hall and their wives get to hear about it. They all gang up on you then, see. Say you're a liar. So I came away."

She came to London where we appreciate dirty girls. "London's different. They like to hear me say I like sex, but they don't seem so keen on doing it," says Kathryn.

We said we'd show her those parts of London where we *are* keen on doing it, but she said we were dirty boys (33-21-36).

YOURS SINFULLY

Write and tell us what turns you on. We'd love to know about your sexual fantasies and true life experiences. Address your letters to: The Editor, Private Parts, Men Only, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

ULRIKA'S URGES

Almost every girl I know has known a girl like my mate Ulrika. You know the type – the 'if you've got it flaunt it' type, the kind who doesn't care what trouble they get into or what anyone thinks. All she wants is as good a time as she can get.

We'd hit the town on Friday nights and it was a dead cert Ulrika would pick up a man by the end of the night and I'd end up going home on my own, only to be woken on Saturday morning by a breathless phone call from guess who telling me the filthy things she did last night. One night I'd think to myself, one night I'm going to shock the pants off her! But that never happened – at least, not until the night before Ulrika left for a new job in Spain. Eight months she would be away and I was determined to give her something to think about during that time.

At first it seemed like a normal evening. I was dressed in my usual conservative way and Ulrika was dressed to kill in a short tight PVC miniskirt and a see-through blouse. I had something up my sleeve, though – or, rather, under my dress!

For once, we actually had dates for the evening. There was Barry, a friend of Ulrika's, who, according to her, possessed an awesome cock, and Huw, Barry's pal, a rather quiet bloke, but very good-looking.

After a few drinks in the pub, we hit the local nightspot and after that, all of us pretty pissed, we went back to Ulrika's flat for a nightcap. I was sure that this was when the fun was going to start and I was ready for anything.

We sat around in the lounge and passed half an hour in chit-chat and I could sense Ulrika was wanting me to get cosy with Huw, leaving Barry to her. But I had other ideas. I stood up and popped into the kitchen on the pretence of getting a glass of water. There, I quickly unzipped my dress and stripped down to the brand new sensational undies I'd bought just the previous afternoon. Seeing myself in the mirror, I knew I looked pretty amazing in the half-cup bra that pushed my boobs together and upwards and the tiny G-string drawn tight against my pussy. That, coupled with the sheer black sussies and high heels I was wearing, was bound to make a stir when I walked back into the lounge.

The look on Ulrika's face when I appeared at the door was something I will never forget. Her jaw dropped slack and her eyes grew wide as, all very casually, I strolled into the room, walked right over to Barry and knelt down to slide down his fly, pulling out his long limp cock and smoothing the palms of my hands up its length.

"Jesus, Mandy!" Ulrika gasped. "What the hell are you up to?"

"Just getting things warmed up," I smiled at her, parting my lips to draw Barry's tool into my mouth. He stiffened against my tongue as I took as much of his splendid equipment in my throat as I could manage, teasing his balls with my fingernails while Ulrika and Huw

I was so horny I didn't care that I'd never touched another woman in my life . . . all I wanted was as much sex as I could get.

looked on in sheer amazement.

"Come on, Huw," I grinned, rubbing Barry's cock against my face. "How's about showing me what you've got to offer, eh?"

Huw glanced at Ulrika, who was too dumbfounded to say anything. He shrugged and got to his feet, unbuckling his jeans and hauling out a prick which wasn't as large as Barry's but was still a big enough specimen. He knelt behind me and slid his now-rigid meat up between the globes of my arse before dragging it down to chafe teasingly over the sodden fabric of my tight G-string. I was incredibly turned on and urged him to rip off my knickers and fill my hole with his cock. This he eagerly did, sliding it deep into my hole as Ulrika watched aghast in total astonishment. However, she was not so stunned she wasn't getting horny. I could see that from the way her miniskirt was inching up her thighs as she worked a hand under the hem to rub her cunt through her knickers. Now she was overcoming her initial surprise, she was getting a real buzz off this unexpected scene developing in her front room. "Come on!" I urged her between taking long swiping licks of Barry's throbbing prick with my tongue. "There's more than enough for both of us!"

Ulrika responded by tearing off her clothes and joining us. I had to admit she had a gorgeous body and I could see why she enjoyed sex in the way she did – if I was as well-made as her, I'd want to make the best use of what I'd been given. But Ulrika had more than just a perfect figure – she had an imagination as well and I found out just what an imagination as she stretched out on the carpet and slid her blonde head between my legs so she could lash her long tongue over my cunny as Huw drilled his fat cock between my pussy-lips.

It blew my mind! Being fucked and licked at the same time was more than I could handle and I exploded into a wild climax, my cunt juices smearing on Ulrika's face as she licked my hard clitty frenziedly, occasionally lapping at Huw's balls for added variety. If things had been crazy before, now they were getting well out of control – all I could manage was to clutch Barry's massive balls in my fingers and let him toss off between my ruby-red lips. This he did joyfully, wanking himself harder and harder until his shaft pulsed wickedly and scalding hot cream shot from his tip, splashing against my eager tongue, filling my mouth as I swallowed desperately, unable to get it all as some sprayed down on to my stiff-nippled breasts to be rapidly slurped up by Ulrika, who, now she'd caught up with us, was proving to be in her element, directing the show like it was her own personal blue movie.

While Barry sat back and got himself hard again, Ulrika steered Huw's prick from my cunt and into hers, lying back on the floor as he fucked her like a pro. If that was not enough, she virtually pleaded with me to straddle her face so she could eat me while getting shafted by Huw.

I was so horny I couldn't care less that I'd never so much as touched another woman before in my life; all I wanted was as much sex as I could get . . . just like I'd so often castigated my friend for in the past!

"Oh, Jesus!" I moaned, as that devious tongue slithered all around my sex. "This is too much . . . tell me I'm having a wet dream, someone!"

"I'll give you a wet dream!" was Barry's reply as he pulled me away from Ulrika and bent me over the arm of the sofa, placing his hard-again dick up against my slippery pussy-lips, then gripping me round the waist and pulling me on to his cock. "How wet do you want it?"

I can't recall exactly what I said. All I can remember is that heavy prick in me, pounding in and out as Barry screwed me mercilessly through so many orgasms I lost count. It seemed that spunk was flying about all over the place. I can remember dear Huw finally whipping his tool from Ulrika's quim and shooting what seemed like a good gallon of the stuff all over her heaving tits . . . and that was only the beginning of the night's fun. Ulrika was ready to go all night and, as I started it all, I could hardly say I needed a rest, could I?

That night really opened me up to a good honest sex life. I've been seeing Huw and Barry (and a few other fellas!) on and off over the last eight-odd months and now Ulrika's coming back – she sent me a letter last week saying she was expecting some equally crazy nights on her return.

Rest assured, Ulrika, you're going to get what you want!

Mandy, Blackburn.

THREE-WAY PHONE FUN

My fella Steven must be the last remaining true Yuppie in London. He adores the lifestyle and I have to admit I'm not complaining about the lavish way he treats me, even if I have seen enough brasseries to last me a lifetime! We get on OK and have quite a frenetic sex life. For example, earlier this year he went and booked us into one of those kinky hotel weekends, where anything goes. We had quite a time, let me tell you! Luckily for both of us, I love sex of any kind and Steven encourages me to try anything and everything . . . as long as he gets to hear all about it in minute detail.

And he knows all about Sophie, my girlfriend. I was at college with her and we had more than our fair ration of wild times there. When she moved down to London last year, she sought me out and it was just like old times – Steven, ecstatic beyond belief, screwing me doggy-style as I went down on Sophie's twat, licking and kissing her to orgasm as Steven sprayed my buns with his hot spunk . . . wonderful!

Sophie and I finally got ourselves a flat together (which Steven immediately christened the 'Pussy Palace'!) and we were lolling around one hot afternoon, wearing next to nothing, bored out of our skulls, when the phone rang.

It was Steven and I instantly knew what was on his dirty little mind. This had become one of our favourite games – Steven would ring me up from his car or office and we'd have ourselves a nice phone-sex fantasy session. Some of the things he came up with were startling and really bizarre and I knew he'd been wanting to get Sophie included in this game for some time. So, as I talked to him, I studied her, sitting on the sofa across the room. She looked so good, wearing just a tiny lace camisole from which her cuddlesome tits bulged forth invitingly. As Steven talked on, I yearned to get Sophie involved.

I could tell I was having an effect on Sophie – she has the most sensitive nipples and the slightest touch turns her on.

"Mmmm, yes," I was sighing, "I'd love to lick your prick right this second. I can feel it all stiff against my tongue, all that hot spunk welling up in your balls . . ."

I glanced at Sophie. She'd been reading before, but now she was listening intently to what I was saying. I stretched back in my chair and parted my legs so my knickers were tight against my quim and dropped a hand into my muff to caress my pussy through the sheer material. I could tell I was having an effect on Sophie from the way she began, absent-mindedly, to brush her hands over her boobs – she has the most sensitive nipples and the slightest touch turns her on.

"What's that?" I asked Steven. "I get down on all-fours for you? You want to lick my pussy from behind? Ohhh, yes, that sounds good – I can just imagine you doing it right this second . . ." And I shifted myself so I was leaning over the back of the chair with my bum raised in the air. My free hand reached down and tugged the crotch of my panties aside, my fingers dipping into my snatch to feel how wet I was. "God, yes," I groaned furiously, "put your tongue into me, as far as it'll go!" Now I was frigging myself hard, parting my cunny-lips to rub my slippery clit. Sophie couldn't hold out much longer – of that I was certain.

And I was right. Just as Steven told me his cock was stationed upon my lips, I felt Sophie's lips touch my juicy cunt, gently at first, just skimming over my fleshy folds, then more deliberately, her long tongue snaking inside me and I almost dropped the phone in delight, a gasp of ecstasy escaping my lips and letting Steven know exactly what was going on.

"Sophie's licking your pussy, isn't she?" he rasped, his breathing becoming heavier as he tried to visualise the scene in our front room. I couldn't help but tell him and I could sense his delight as he started to orchestrate the action from wherever he was.

"Put the phone by your pussy!" he urged me. "I want to hear her doing it." I obeyed and let him drink in the wet slurping sounds my girlfriend was making as she tongued my snatch so expertly. Then I put the phone to my ear again and asked him what he'd be doing were he here. All his ideas were filthy – just what Sophie and I wanted to hear.

By now, we were pressing our hot bodies together, clit to clit, my hands on Sophie's swollen boobs, rubbing her huge nipples as she gripped my bum in her hands and rubbed her cunt hard against mine, driving us both toward a beautiful climax which left our pussies as sticky as hell. I handed the phone to Sophie so she could talk to Steven while I went down on her. For dirty talk she left me standing! It was strange to hear her coaxing him to his climax while I licked up the spicy cunt juices that flowed from her snatch, but, God, it sure turned me on to hear her telling Steven how she'd bring him off all over her big round knockers and then make me lick off every last drop of his spunk. I managed to frig myself to another orgasm, just listening, timing it exactly right to coincide with the moment Steven came. Sophie pressed the phone up against my ear so I was able to hear him moaning as he climaxed.

After that, we needed a shower and took our time, Sophie still randy enough to make me come by pressing the shower head against my minge. If that wasn't enough, no sooner had we towelled ourselves off and settled down in the front room again than the doorbell rang and there was that horny sod Steven!

"Over the phone's pretty good," he told me, "but nothing beats the real thing!"

Honestly! Don't some fellas ever get enough?!

Julie, London.

AFTERNOON BREAK

Ever since I found out what all the fuss was about, I've adored sex with a real passion. Yes, I guess you'd say I was a girl who could never get enough and you'd probably be right. Some of the things I've done have even shocked me. I've lost a number of boyfriends who claimed they just couldn't cope with my demands . . . and a few I lost when they found out I was getting extras behind their backs. What it is with me, I don't know, but put me within clutching distance of a juicy prick and I'm gone!

Take the other week, for example. It's 3.30 in the afternoon and I'm on the bus coming home after a spot of shopping. As always, I'm dressed sexily: short tight skirt and a thin sweater that makes my titties thrust out; and, sure enough, I'm attracting lustful looks from the menfolk – in particular, one guy who must be in his late 40s, almost twice my age. I gaze back at him and, unlike a lot of men, he doesn't flinch away – he makes it very clear what he's got in mind. Now that gets me interested and I keep looking at him all the way until the bus reaches my stop. I get off and, to my delight, I see he gets off with me. Remember, I've spent an afternoon taking in the delights of the local Sainsburys, but suddenly I'm horny. Is this a rampant sex drive, or what?

I'm a girl who adores sex, who can never get enough . . . a number of boyfriends just couldn't cope with my demands . . .

He was following about 10 yards behind me, so, as I turned the corner of my street, I stopped and waited for him. I'm pretty sure he was expecting me to start dishing out some abuse, calling him a 'dirty old man' and so on, so the look on his face when I casually invited him up to my flat for 'a coffee' was really something. His cock was almost hard in his strides as I led him up the stairs to my tiny bedsit, wiggling my arse from side to side, virtually letting him get his head up my skirt as he followed me into my room. Once inside, I locked the door and pulled him close to me, feeling his stiff dick thrusting through his trousers.

"I'm a married man," he said all hoarsely. "I haven't got much time 'cos I got to be home soon." That made me laugh. As if what we were going to do would take long!

I steered him to the bed and sat him down. As he sat there like a lemon, I strolled to the centre of the room and peeled off my sweater. He gasped when he saw I hadn't got any bra, and gasped even more when I dropped my skirt and he saw I wasn't wearing knickers, either. (It pays to be prepared!)

"What do you think?" I asked him as I advanced on him, cupping my tits and squeezing them together so my nipples crinkled up invitingly. "Fantastic!" nodded the stranger, dry-mouthed, as I pushed him back on to the sheets and straddled his face, thrusting my cunt towards his mouth.

"Lick me," I demanded, adding: "If you're really good I'll let you wank over my cunt – how about it?"

He must have liked my suggestion, because he started to tongue my puss as if his life depended on his making me cum. He was no clumsy amateur, either – he knew exactly how a girl liked it, pushing his tongue between my folds and torturing my clitoris exquisitely until I groaned and came hard, smearing his face with my wetness, driving my twat as hard as I could into his face. Wow! – he was some find!

Glancing down, I saw his cock was thumping against his strides like a battering ram, so I reached down and freed it from its confinement, a good seven or so inch shaft that was begging for some good caressing.

And caress it I did, gripping him tight around the base as I jerked it hard, stretching out across him so I could watch his prick close up, the way I like to see a dick. He was red and swollen to bursting, the harder I pumped my fingers up and down his twitching shaft, occasionally extending my tongue and lashing it over his vivid purple helmet.

"Are you going to come?" I asked him as he thrashed underneath me. He grunted a yes, so I told him to wank over my boobs while I fucked myself with the black latex dildo I always keep in my bedside cabinet. He eased off as I slowly inched the monster cock-surrogate into my pussy, making it nice and lubricated before I started to pump it back and forth in my by now totally sopping fanny. He was unable to take his eyes off it as it

squelched in and out of me, his hand slicking back and forth on his veiny shaft, occasionally taking a breather and rubbing the knob-end against my rigid nipples or even on my face! But, eventually, he could not hold out any longer and out came his cream, spattering hot and sticky all over my belly, pubes and dildo-stuffed cunt as I reached another climax.

He cleaned himself up at the sink and took his leave. I've not seen him since. Maybe he got shy, or maybe his missus found out . . . who knows? Who cares? Certainly not me!

Donna, Cardiff

MY CONFESSION

We all have sexy secrets and erotic fantasies although few of us are fortunate enough to be able to put them into practice. *'My Confession'* is for those impulsive and audacious readers who have dared to do it for real . . .

Everything was prepared: the video camera was set up perfectly, colour balance exactly right; focus as sharp as could be. The hotel room was darkened by the pulled drapes and the light was from a brilliant hi-wattage Anglepoise lamp trained directly upon the sumptuous crisp-sheeted bed. Harold would be very pleased with the results – yes, he'd be very pleased indeed.

As I sat at the dresser, seeing my reflection in the mirror as I put the finishing touches to my make-up, I tried to picture his face and his expression of delight when he saw the results of my latest affair. I knew he was going to be ecstatic, his cock bouncing joyfully stiff in his trousers as he watched myself and Mike fuck each other silly on that bed. He'd like Mike; he was the type that Harold always reckoned looked best with me: a blond, muscular surfer type, such a contrast with myself and my brunette hair and curvy figure. He would approve of my choice, I was certain of that.

The video idea had been Harold's. "I'm the ideas man," he told me constantly. "I love nothing more than thinking up schemes to make life better." And, with this particular idea, Harold had got it exactly right: the perfect answer to a difficult problem.

You see, I love Harold, I really do. No man could be sweeter, more kind or loving. I married him happily, knowing he would provide me with the comfort and security I so badly needed. It didn't matter to me that my husband was 12 years my senior, a staid 40 to my skittish 28 years, because he had everything I needed . . . except for one thing.

Harold had never concealed from me his lack of enthusiasm for sex – at least, sex as I knew and understood it. He had made an effort to change, to try and satisfy me the best he could, but the naturalness was lacking. It was too forced and I could sense he was unhappy, which in turn made me unhappy as there was something missing from what would otherwise be a perfect marriage.

My husband's kick was voyeurism, and again he had never hidden that fact from me. He got a bigger kick from watching the sex act than participating. If that sounds odd, maybe it is, but as Harold said, the human stew is made up from all kinds of ingredients, what made it palatable was how you mixed them – what we required was a recipe that suited both of us.

So after three years together, he came up with the idea. Sexual fulfilment was what I needed and that was what I was going to get. I had his blessing to take as many lovers as I wanted and he wouldn't interfere. On one condition, that he was allowed to watch. To me, an arrangement like this was ideal: I could find my satisfaction *and* please my husband in the way he liked best. The problem was that Harold was often away on business and therefore we had to tailor my assignations in order that he could be present. This proved an awkward stumbling block, until one evening Harold returned home with a large box that was to prove the perfect solution.

"Video," he smiled. "The boon of technology. This little beauty, darling, is going to revolutionize our sex life!"

A truer word was never spoken. I took the hint immediately: with the aid of this gadget, I could record my sessions and Harold was able to view them at his leisure. Of course, there were drawbacks: not every guy was thrilled at the idea of his prowess being recorded for posterity – especially the few married lovers I took. But on the other hand, some fellas were positively inspired by the idea, each of them seeing themselves as Johnny Holmes or

Peter North for a day and performing with even more zeal in front of the camera than in a normal situation.

I fervently hoped Mike would belong to the latter category. I was sure that he would; he certainly hadn't been turned off by the idea when I told him the day before yesterday. "The old man likes to watch you do it, huh?" he mused, his expression somewhere between bewilderment and amusement. "Well, sure, I don't mind – hope he gets his rocks off as good as I do."

To paraphrase an old saying, I never taped on a first date – I'd see the guy three or four times beforehand. One, to get him to lose any inhibitions with me and, two, to make certain he could perform in a way that'd delight Harold.

Mike was one hell of a performer, make no mistake on that score. His cock was long and thick and he knew how to use it in a way that a woman liked. On a definite plus side, he came more than any man I'd ever been with which would please Harold no end, as he always insisted on seeing my lover's cum. "The bigger the better makes me know he's not just some anonymous cock," was the somewhat highbrow way he put it. But then Harold could be maddeningly obtuse at times.

A knock at the door heralded the arrival of my lover. Pulling a satin robe around me, I hurried to the door and opened it. There he was, a raw-boned grin on his face. "I'm ready for my close-up, Mrs. B. de Mille," he drawled. "Lights. Camera. Action!" He leaned forward and kissed me, the kiss deep and warm. I felt a stirring between my thighs as I responded.

"You've done this before," he grinned ironically on seeing the set-up around the bed. I smiled back coyly.

"A few times," I told him, admiring his impressive body and the heavy bulge between his legs.

Mike seated himself on the edge of the bed and lit a cigarette. "I got so horny last night," he informed me. "I was thinking about this afternoon and it really turned me on badly. I could've jacked off three times thinking about you and your sweet pussy, but I didn't want to waste any, if you get my drift . . . I know how much Harold wants me to be at the peak of my form."

"We're not here to talk about Harold," I told him softly but firmly. "We're here to fuck, in case you've forgotten. I'm going to give you one hell of a time, you're going to come so hard that you won't believe it."

"You ain't disappointed me yet, baby," replied Mike, gazing hard at me. "Just let me see that beautiful body and I'll be as ready as you want." He had a voice that was as 'come to bed' as they got and I couldn't help but react. Even though I was already hot for his cock, I wanted it . . . and right now!

I strolled over to the camera and held my finger over the record button. "OK, now just remember one thing, Mike," I told him. "As soon as the red light goes on, forget that the camera's here, OK?"

"Understood," Mike nodded, and I set the machine in motion, hearing the whirr of the tape – a sound I had come to know as so exciting.

"Jesus!" breathed Mike as I let the robe fall to the ground. I could tell he was impressed to see me looking so outrageously sexy in brand new silk underwear and sheer stockings, the shreds of fabric moulding themselves to my shapely figure as I walked towards him and began to unbutton his shirt, my heart pounding as I exposed his strong, well-haired chest, letting my fingers trail to the buttons on his jeans and the turgid flesh I could feel beneath the coarse denim. God, how I wanted to feel it so hard between my fingers, but that moment could wait as Mike's long fingers reached up and eased my boobs from the cups of my bra, his fingers skimming lightly over my nipples, making them harden to his touch as he lowered his mouth to each stiff bud in turn, drawing them between his lips and sucking them gently until my body quivered with pleasure and it was all I could do to restrain myself from ripping down his jeans and taking him right that second.

Leaving my breasts glistening with his saliva, Mike stood up, his crotch drawing level with my face. Obediently, I pressed my head forward and felt the stiff meat rearing against the material as I ground my head against his groin until I could hold back no longer and frantically my fingers began to pluck open his jeans, one button at a time, until they fell open, allowing me to slide them down

off his legs and, more vital, presenting me with Mike's stalwart prick, rearing away from his body, rock-hard, the head large and smooth, his balls already swollen with his lust.

"You want me to suck it, don't you?" I asked teasingly, as if there was anything else he wanted. Mike didn't need to reply and I extended my tongue to lap at those huge balls, dragging it upwards along the underside of his meat, slowly, slowly, taking my time to savour the contours and taste of him until I reached the tip and parted my lipstick-thick lips to welcome him inside.

Steadily, I sucked on him, my cunt getting wetter by the second as I performed the perfect blow-job for the benefit of Mike, Harold and the camera. Instead of just the unblinking eye of the lens, it felt as though I was performing in front of a huge audience, and as I slipped a hand between my thighs and felt my soaking pussy through the damp panties I swear I almost came by simply touching myself. As for Mike, his shaft was twitching against my wet tongue as I rolled it over and over his rigid prick; nearly, but not quite, taking him all the way – my position (kneeling on the bed with Mike standing over me) ideal for the camera not to miss a detail.

Any tension there was in Mike evaporated as I released his cock from my moist lips and drew him down on to the bedclothes beside me. He reached out and caressed my cunt through the sodden panties. "Take them off," he ordered me gently.

I raised my legs straight up in the air and allowed him to drag them off me, leaving me naked save for my stockings and high heels. My pussy was looking directly at the camera and there was no mistaking how aroused I was, not when Mike's head ducked down between my parted thighs to slurp up the hot juices already dribbling from my pink pussy-lips, his tongue probing my slit to tease my clitoris with such artful skill that again my entire body shuddered as he coaxed me right to the brink of a climax, before withdrawing his head and gripping his prick in his fist.

"You want this deep inside you, right?" he teased.

"Yes, I want it!" I groaned, spreading my thighs as far as they'd go in invitation. "I want to feel you fucking me. I want you to make me cummm!"

"And so you shall," said Mike, his hands reaching beneath me to cup my buttocks and raise my arse off the sheet as he thrust his hips forward, his cockhead against my sopping slit, then inch by inch easing into my cunt. "Christ!" he gasped. "You're so fucking tight, it's magnificent!"

What a performer – both sexually and for the camera – pumping his prick deeper and deeper into my pussy, my creaming hole accepting everything he had to offer and more as he lengthened his strokes, letting me feel every inch as my head began to swim with the delicious sensations building in my snatch, getting more intense with every thrust until I knew I could hold out no longer.

"Ohhh, yesss!" The words spilled from my mouth and then I heard nothing but convulsive cries and sobs of supreme delight coming from deep inside me. Everything was a blur, Mike's loins pounding as I came again and again, each climax an extension of the last, beginning just as I thought there couldn't be any more. I was vaguely aware of Mike moving my body, pulling me on top of him, then skilfully manoeuvring between my legs to enter me from behind, but these things only barely registered, the focus being my pussy and the dizzying sensations which held me prisoner as the sweat poured from me and my entire body felt as if it was on fire.

"Please!" I finally managed to gasp. "Cum for me, please!" All I wanted now was for him to show me his ecstasy, too. I needed to feel that thick cream on my skin.

And then it was there, my pussy still spasming even though Mike had pulled his dick from me and was now rubbing his squirming shaft upon the smooth skin of my breasts, his mouth open in a silent moan of delight as the sperm leapt from the dilated hole and layered my heaving tits with jet upon jet of hot creamy spunk, dripping from my nipples and collecting in thick hot pools in the tangled forests of my pubic region. I rubbed the cream into my hot skin as a final climax rippled through me . . .

. . . Then I looked up to see Harold still gripping his cock, his face a mask of absolute bliss. "Beautiful," he sighed. Then he stood up and walked over to the VCR to stop the tape. He ejected it and crossed the room to place it on the shelf with the 52 other cassettes in our wonderful and unique collection.

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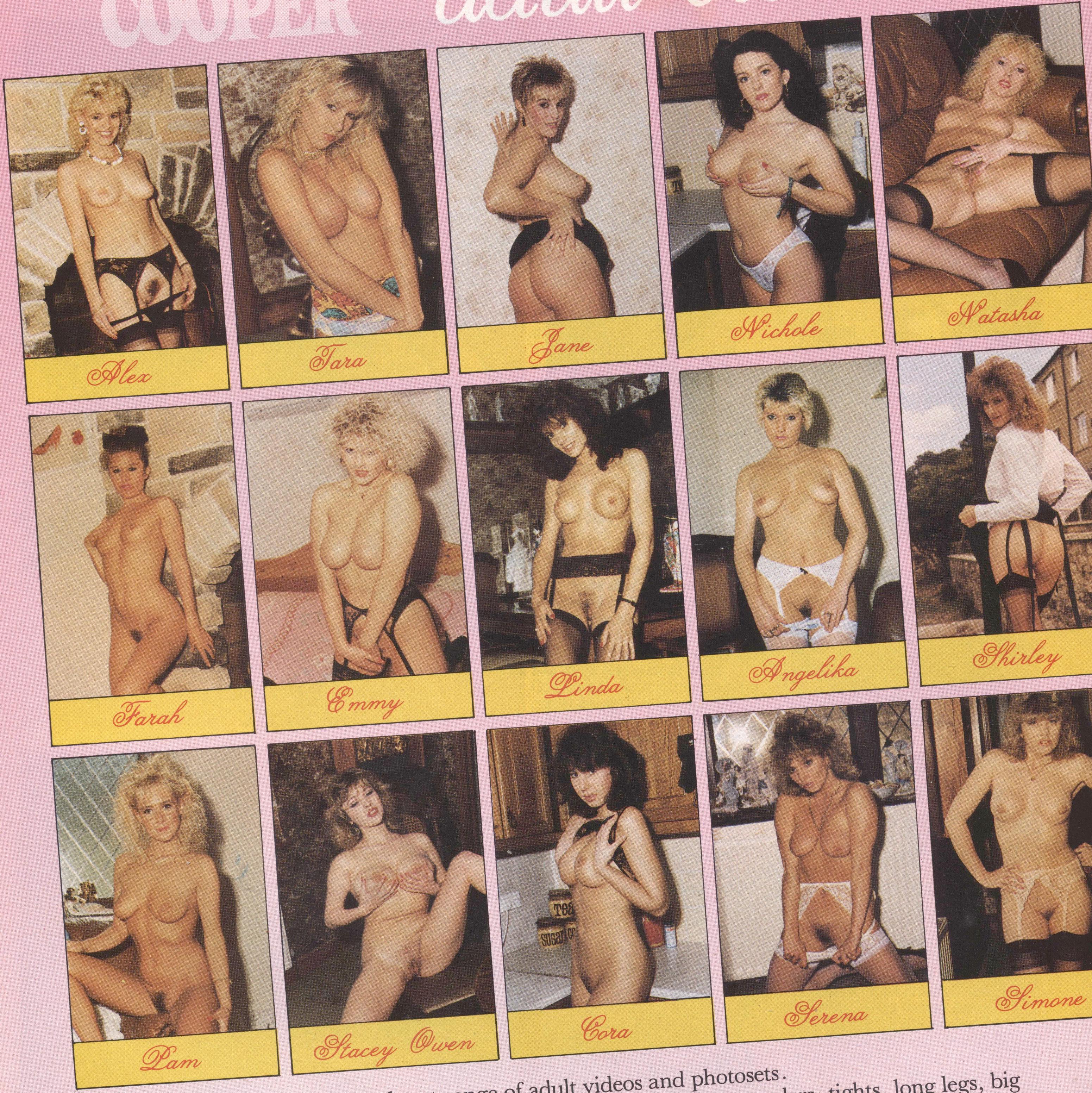

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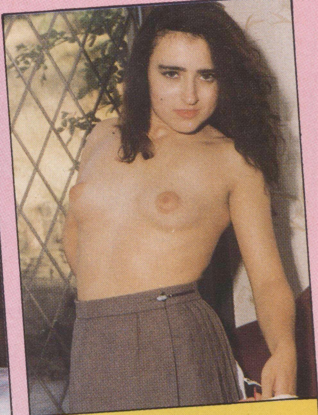
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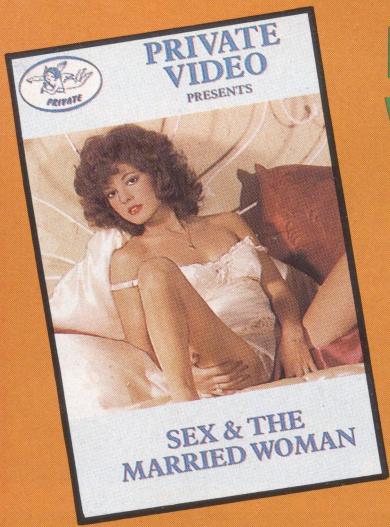

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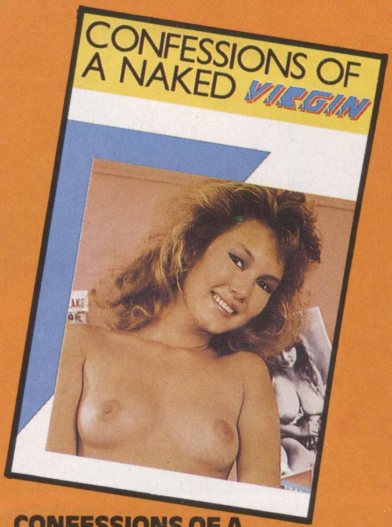

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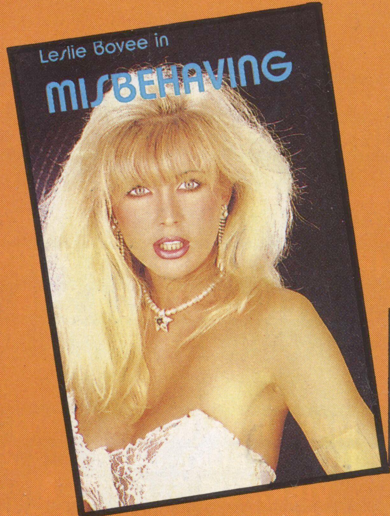

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BLUE MOVIES MAKE ME MASTURBATE...! 0898 884 620
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X-RATED HAND RELIEF! 0898 884 619
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MY BOTTOM WAS SORE FOR HIS PLEASURE 0898 884 628
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2 GIRLS GET A LICKING! 0898 884 721
BEND OVER - YOU NAUGHTY BOY! 0898 884 723
USE MY BOTTOM FOR YOUR PLEASURE! 0898 884 728
CREAM ALL OVER ME! 0898 884 722
MY HUSBAND WATCHED US PLAY 0898 884 720
WET INSIDE MY SILK KNICKERS 0898 884 726
FAST, CREAMY HAND ACTION! 0898 884 716
I'LL MOUTH YOU ALL THE WAY! 0898 884 717
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THREE IN A BED RUBBER ROMP! LISTEN IN ON 0836 402 229
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TAKE ME! FROM BEHIND 0836 402 224
HEAR WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU! 0836 402 217
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ADULT UNCENSORED XXX TALK ON 0836 402 223
"My favourite sex toys..." call 0836 402 219 and listen in secret to her play!
RUBBER ORGASM 0836 402 216
UP MY SKIRT 0836 402 220
GOOD VIBRATIONS 0836 402 222
RUBBER DOLL SXX 0836 402 225
2 GIRLS - 1 TOY 0836 402 228
STOCKINGS AND STRAPS 0836 402 226
AND NOW FOR A GOOD LICKING 0836 402 227
P.O.BOX 272, LONDON SW11. CALLS CHARGED AT 36p PER MIN. CHEAP RATE, 48p ALL OTHER TIMES. G/2/2/C.

LESBIAN TONGUE FUN! CALL 0898 900 521
MY BROTHER CAUGHT ME MASTURBATING! LISTEN! 0898 900 520
WHY DON'T YOU DO IT IN MY MOUTH?!? CALL 0898 900 527
I WANT TO TOUCH YOU ALL OVER! 0898 900 522
I'LL PLAY WITH YOUR WILLIE! JUST CALL 0898 900 516
USE MY HAND... PHONE ME NOW!! 0898 900 519
FEEL INSIDE MY RUBBER PANTIES! 0898 900 524
TAKEN FROM BEHIND... CALL 0898 900 528
RANDY, UNFAITHFUL HOUSEWIVES! LISTEN-0898 900 517
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USE YOUR TONGUE ON MY HARD NIPPLES! 0898 900 515
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1247

City Trading Limited Reg. No: 2174586

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PLEASURE - BETWEEN MY LEGS!! 0898 884 206

BARE BOTTOMS WAITING! 0898 884 209

RUDE SEX SOUNDS! 0898 884 201

LISTEN TO ME! -DO IT NOW!! 0898 884 203

4 - GIRL FROLIC!! 0898 884 202

TAKE MY MOIST PANTIES! 0898 884 200

STRIP TEASE - TURN - ON! 0898 884 208

MASTURBATION SPECIAL!! 0898 884 205

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T.V. ON THE GAME! CALL 0898 884 214

SEX SLAVE NEEDED! 0898 884 210

I'M ON ALL FOURS - CALL ME!! 0898 884 212

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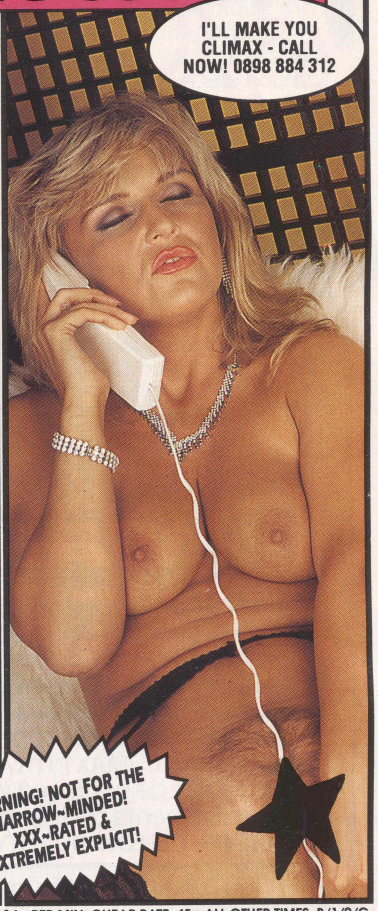
SOFT, NAKED BOTTOM... 0898 884 309
TALK DIRTY WITH ME...! 0898 884 313
MY WARM MOUTH WILL SATISFY! 0898 884 307
WHITE PANTIES, FLUSHED CHEEKS 0898 884 310
CALL ME AND TALK BLUE 0898 884 303
SLIDING MY PANTIES DOWN 0898 884 308
DIRTY XXX DIAL - IN 0898 884 305
OVER MY DESK! 0898 884 301
EXPLICIT SEX! 0898 884 304



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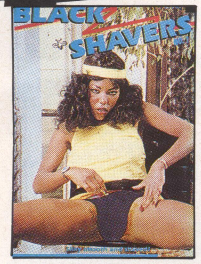

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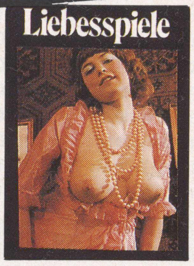

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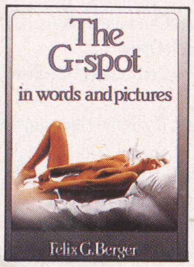

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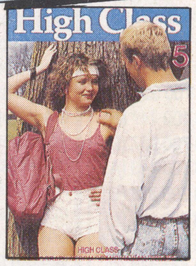

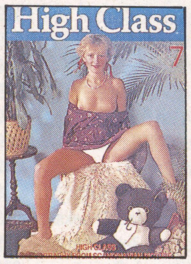

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I'm Linda, I'm Naughty	0898 300 813 (B)
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Carrie (32) 36-24-36. I need men 18–60 to ease my sexual appetite – are you willing? Must be free afternoons/evenings. Call 0898 300 816 (D)

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Ladies in your area that just love sex. When you dial we will give you an area code and just say yes to your area. The following girls and housewives are samples that may be available in your area. If the sex contact dialled is not in your area, you can either find her by using the general service or we can give out details of a different sex contact of similar age, looks and sexual preferences. It's as easy as that, so get dialling.

Gill (24) 35-24-34. Hi, I want to meet men (18-50) for sexual pleasures! I'll teach you all I know. No fees at all, will travel, call 0898 300 811 (D)

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Male model wants to meet gays for live raw acts – explicit sexual demands. No charge. Call me on 0898 700 367 (D)

Horny wife wants to be yours for the day. No time wasters and no fees. Will travel, call 0898 700 368 (A)

Hi, I'll talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied on 0898 300 819 (C)

I would like to give you a good seeing to with my rod. Screaming delight on 0898 100 432 (B)

Janet (28) 34-22-34. Let me talk dirty on the phone to you one on one for hot action that will make you scream with pleasure. No relationship. No fees at all, call 0898 300 818 (D)

Miss Stern wants to teach you how to be obedient! No fees, just pleasure from the rod-o-nine. Call me on 0898 100 487 (B)

Broadminded couple seek man and woman for group action. Are you interested? Will travel, call us on 0898 300 818 (A)

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Video Vixens	0898 700 387 (A)
Dirty Talk	0898 700 367 (E)
Rubber Clad Girl	0898 700 354 (D)
I Watched My Neighbour	0898 700 354 (A)
Licking Girls	0898 700 367 (B)
Swedish Nymphos Into 'O'	0898 300 811 (C)
Dutch Dykes Together	0898 700 358 (D)
Hot Danish Girls	0898 100 487 (C)
Try The Filipino Way	0898 700 367 (A)
Let Me Slide It In	0898 700 358 (E)
Tart Talks Dirty	0898 700 355 (C)
Playing With My Vibrator	0898 100 449 (B)
Unzip Your Jeans	0898 100 447 (E)

HORNY TALK GIRLS

I'm Jenny And I'm Playing Alone With My Sex Toys 0898 300 816 (E)

My Name's Sue, Let My Mouth Take It All 0898 700 368 (D)

Ring Me And I'll Strip So You Can Take Me 0898 300 817 (A)

Carol And Jane, Two Lesbians Playing With Each Other 0898 300 811 (B)

Why Don't You Let Me Slide It In 0898 700 355 (E)

Let's Do Some Humping And Bumping 0898 700 355 (A)

I'm Diana And I'll Go Down On You 0898 700 368 (C)

Let's Have Some Spanking Pleasure for Both Of Us 0898 300 814 (D)

Randy Mandy Will Lick It And Suck It For You 0898 300 816 (C)

Join Us At A Hot Lesbian Party 0898 700 355 (B)

My Name's Alice And My Fingers Are In My Panties 0898 100 432 (A)

Ring Me, My Hot Pink Lips Are Ready for You 0898 100 465 (A)

Let Me Explain My First Lesbian Experience 0898 300 814 (E)

Ring Tina, I'm Bound To Please 0898 100 465 (D)

I'm Julie And 42D, So Why Don't You Play With Me 0898 100 449 (C)

JACK ALONG RECORDINGS

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Climax With Me	0898 100 465 (C)
Take Me, I'm Ready	0898 300 819 (E)
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French Oral	0898 300 819 (A)
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Whacko	0898 300 817 (D)

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Using our voice activated sex file system you can play sex games over the phone. All recordings are genuine and all sex acts were actually recorded on our memory bank. What's more, our girls will get you doing some real dirty stuff as well as you doing it to them. So get dialling.

Oral Adventure
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready when you play this one) 0898 300 859 (D)

Slime Your Way Through The Erotic Maze
(You just need your wits for this one)

Strip And Bonk 0898 300 820 (B)
(This one has an unusual ending – have a piece of large paper with you, you'll see why)

Force Them To Do It 0898 300 820 (C)
(A domination game special, you can either use a loud voice or do it by tapping the phone with any object) 0898 300 859 (E)

Submission In The Dark
(Just be ready to be told what to do) 0898 300 820 (A)

Filthy Talk
(Prepare yourself for some shocks, you have to get behind her first and when you've done it, she talks dirty (3 girl option) 0898 300 857 (C)

Strange Ways
XXX rated 'bizzare line' game (o.k. for gays and transvestites, if you lose on 'payola' you may hear or have to do some weird things)

Nobble The Virgin 0898 300 820 (E)
(Another bar of soap and cup of warm water special) 0898 300 859 (A)

Wipe Out
(Just get the XXX formula right and you have a choice of three girls to suck you dry) (You can bring in a gay if you want) 0898 300 859 (B)

Domination Game Special
(If possible wear gloves when you play.)

Oral Antics 0898 300 859 (C)
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, when you dial.) 0898 300 820 (D)

Tell The Lesbians What To Do
(The louder you shout the more they do it to each other.) 0898 300 867 (C)

Find The Nympho
(If you can't find her, you get done by a gay.)

Strip Her, Then Have Her 0898 300 867 (A)
(You choose your girl on a sex test first, you can even have a gay.) 0898 300 857 (D)

Strange Ways
(Slime your way through the erotic maze.)

Three Way Wipe Out 0898 300 857 (A)
(If you loose you either get sucked dry, submit to our leather girl or take on three gays.)

Slime The Blonde 0898 300 857 (B)
(Another bar of soap and a cup of warm water special.) 0898 300 867 (D)

Jump The Tart
(If you loose you get a dose and your vitals rot before your eyes.) 0898 300 867 (B)

Fireside Poker
(You have ten poke choices, if you choose the wrong one you have to poke yourself, our girls will tell you how.) 0898 300 857 (E)

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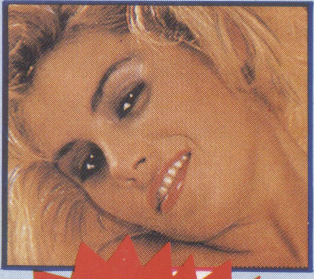

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Chrissie

Photographs by John Graham

If you're big and blonde and bubbly, with a great deal of front, the social pressures on you to become a barmaid are almost irresistible. But Chrissie resisted like hell, mainly because listening to us blokes getting appallingly drunk and telling humungous lies about our sexual prowess all the time bored the pants off her, and climbing up for the Britvic with no knickers on causes comment.

Chrissie has artistic tastes, so she tried modelling for a sculptor, but every time he took the scaffolding away from under those stone boobs there was an avalanche and, frankly, a sculpture in a carbon-fibre brassière lacks that aesthetic appeal.

So she modelled for latex love dolls, but they took so much blowing up that the customers blacked out before they got the left breast firm.

So, left with no visible means of support, she went behind the bar. But, luckily, the very first pint she pulled was for John Graham, who was of the opinion she should take her right tit out of his beer and spread herself all over Men Only (52-22-37).

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blah!

continued from page 4

looked up quickly to see her opening the window, her head bowed as if in prayer.

Then she moved and I saw she had no head! And what was this sucking at my cock? A shot of fear ran through me as I looked down at the horrid, severed thing sucking in my crotch. Horrified, I knocked it away and it fell to the ground, bouncing across the room towards its owner. She picked it up, tucked it under her arm and, blowing me a kiss from beneath her armpit, vanished! You can imagine the confusion with which I greeted my hostess the next morning – unsure what had happened and how much I'd dreamt. But her manner made it clear that she hadn't had her lips about my prick for many years. However, the soreness of a well-sucked dick insisted someone had! Before I left that day, my friend insisted on showing me his pictures. And that's where I saw my lover again: the spitting image of the current countess, but her many times great-grand-mother, beheaded during the Revolution. You may well imagine the trembling frame of mind in which I made my way back from the château to my own familiar room in the lunatic asylum.

Marquis H., Cheltenham.

Up To You

Sir: I run a barber shop and it never ceases to amaze me how poor and frustrating the majority of my customers' sex lives are. The vast majority of them are forever complaining about the lack of satisfaction they find in bed. I am always telling them that their attitudes are all wrong. My philosophy is: if you really want sex, you make sure that you get it. Where I'm really lucky is with my wife who not only understands my needs, but has even bigger ones herself!

Iris, like myself, is nearing her 50s, but she's got the body of a 30-year-old. Just a look at her face and you know that she's keen on a bit of F&S (that's fucking and sucking to you). What really draws the guys are her tits. They're a pair of 38s, but with her narrow back they look really enormous, especially in a sling-top with a low neckline. This is her 'night on the town' garb she wears when we go out for a bit of fun. This usually happens once a month and we're always on the look-out for a single guy on his own, or even a couple – though they're usually less keen. For a couple of years we went to swingers' parties, but gave up on them as all the guys wanted to fuck Iris or get her to jerk them off over her tits and the other women got pissed off at that!

There's nothing more exciting than watching Iris come on to some young guy who's hoping to strike lucky. They can't believe it when we get home and I say that it's

"Miss Moston, I'm leaving on a jet plane, don't know when I'll be back again."

continued on page 98

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AMY gives leisurely massage to professional gents wanting that extra touch. Tel. 081-968 5411.

IMAGINATIVE French masseuse will reveal your secret fantasies, luxurious apartment. Colette 071-262 2446.

BEAUTIFUL blonde offers sensual massage in opulent surroundings. Call Melanie, 021-707 7747.

MILTON KEYNES Sensual luxurious exclusive massage by beautiful blonde. 0908 370 010.

LOVELY blonde. Luxury massage with bath. Call Emma 071-221 2475.

DANISH TOUCH – elegant masseuse from Denmark will relax you. Please give me a call 0831 580991 071-730 6518.

BIRMINGHAM adorable, voluptuous blonde gives erotic massage in opulent surroundings. 021-344 3552.

DESIRES massage service, London also Heathrow. 24 hours. Tel: 081 964 0254.

DELIGHTFUL young lady offers exquisite massage in opulent surroundings for the refined gentleman. Please telephone 0602 476184.

MAI-LING Thai-Singapore beauty gives oriental massage. 071-402 7712.

BEAUTIFUL sexy blonde (21) visiting massage. 0532 779383 (Yorkshire).

LONDON massage. Appointments only. Blonde, Karla. Silks, satins, lace, very feminine. 071-370 7060.

LANCS – massage by Doug. Tall, fair, slim, experienced masseur. 0204 387770.

GLASGOW – massage in private, friendly surroundings. 041-423 1331.

A CHARACTERISTIC young lady who practices the art of relieving executive stress. 071402 1044.

BEAUTIFUL blonde offers sensual massage in opulent surroundings. Call Melanie 021-707 7747.

BEAUTIFUL shapely blonde adores giving fantastic corrective massage. Visits available. 071-706 0923.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE Beautiful curvy brunette 38-22-36 offers relaxing massage in discreet luxury. 071-581 1216.

FRANCE de paris, friendly massage by a lovely busty brunette. Brook St. W1. 071-629 7569.

DELECTABLE ex-glamour model (genuine) will massage and refresh you 071-723 1868.

LIPSTICK for that secret and intimate live phone affair. 0836 685159.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE Fun-filled massage guaranteed. 7 days. Call Charlotte 071 581 0090.

A TOUCH OF HEAVEN Sabina in Marble Arch. 724 5574.

MIDLANDS KIDDERMINSTER "A touch of class" massage. Phone Holly 0562 861072. Credit cards accepted.

BRIGHTON best masseuse wants you 0273 726410. Genuine 40in chest.

COVENTRY Visiting massage 10am–10pm. Seven days. Ring 0203 440312.

NEWCASTLE Visiting massage by attractive, long legged blonde 091-454 1011.

EXCITING High Heeled blonde. Sensuous massage, 071-603 3386.

PRIVATE leisurely massage in discreet luxury. Janie 071-262 7123.

MIRIELLE is back. Beautiful French lady offers unhurried massage. 071-723 2004.

MASSAGE by beautiful English blonde. Hyde Park area. 071-221 5051.

SUPERB blonde dares you to try her sensational massage. 071--792 2632.

JAPANESE massage and bath in luxurious surrounding. 081-789 9875.

HATFIELD let 'Genie give you a relaxing massage by appointment. Call 0707 251 978.

MADO. Call your favourite French masseuse at 071-706 1626. Paddington/Lancaster Gate.

BIRMINGHAM friendly voluptuous brunette offers superb unhurried massage. 021-772 8277.

BIRMINGHAM leggy natural blonde offers massage in discreet, opulent surroundings. Kate 021-643 3517, 0831 835 934.

BIRMINGHAM Visiting massage service. Home or your hotel. Phone Amanda 021-622 4372.

NORTHANTS relaxing sensual massage in luxury private apartment. 0536 523234.

CLAPHAM massage for that extra attention 081-673 2746.

35 Year old lady with 44DD bust offers an unforgettable massage. 071-482 1769.

NATIONWIDE visiting massages. Also Channel Islands. 0533 701783, 0850 308464

SURBITON serious, sensuous massage, near station. 081-390 3371.

TANINA cultured glamorous Indian beauty offers consummate empathetic massage to erudite, munificent, professional gentlemen. 071-792 8021.

PRIVACY and exclusivity for gentlemen, massage with Laura. Regents Park. 071-224 8191.

CORRECTIVE massage given by rubber and leather expert. 071-373 8576.

BEAUTIFUL Brazilian/Italian blonde and busty model will give you a relaxing and sensual massage in her discreet luxurious SW3 flat or will visit your hotel. Call Gina 071-584 7911.

STRICT massage with a firm hand by striking redhead. 071-724 8080.

MANCHESTER Victoria offers private massage, with a touch of class. 061-224 2422.

MASSAGE by Tracy. Hollywood looker with private apartment. Weekdays appointments. Brighton 0273 208108.

HARROGATE Private massage for ladies and gentlemen. Appointments 0423 569092.

FABULOUS brunette offers sensual massage to executives. 071-381 5861.

BIRMINGHAM Visiting massage service. Your home or hotel. Tel: Amanda 021-622 4372.

MANCHESTER central. Beautiful leggy blonde offers ultimate sensual massage service. Private, discreet surroundings. Maxine 061-839 5176.

WEST LONDON/Heathrow. Superb, sexy masseuse. 081-563 0752.

BIRMINGHAM Attractive brunette offers sensuous massage privately. Jodie 0831 852718.

13— SERVICES

RENT address. Confidential mailing address. Telephone, Leeds 435765. Address 114 Burley Rd., Leeds. LS3 1JP.

11— TELEPHONE ENTERTAINMENT

Lines are for entertainment only

LESBIAN lovers are turned on by men watching them in action. Willing voyeurs phone 0836 403 358.

HEAR all the action from this dirty girl. Ring 0836 403 397.

STRIP me, feel me, hear me. Just dial 0836 403 391 and listen.

DIAL a girl on 0836 403 359.

SHOCKING! Dial 0836 403 396 to hear how I can satisfy you.

LINGERIE! If lingerie turns you on, particularly ripped and torn tights, call now on 0836 403 357.

SPANK ME
0836 402889
HAND JOB
0836 402890
CLIMAX WITH ME
0836 402891
WHIPPED CREAM
0836 402892
I'LL SUCK IT NOW
0836 402893
SHAVED & READY
0836 402894
JUST EIGHTEEN
0836 402895
FROM BEHIND
0836 402896
VIRGIN'S FIRST ORGASM
0836 402897
IN MY MOUTH
0836 402898
I'LL MAKE IT GROW
0836 402899

Glamour Act Productions, P.O. Box 284 CAM. Calls charged at 34p per min Cheap and 45p per min all other times

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MAGIC

THE CONDOM THAT GLOWS IN THE DARK!

£2 per pack £8 for 5, £15 for 10 inc P&P.
Send name, address and cheque/po payable to L.T.C., PO Box HP23, Leeds, Yorks, LS6 2XG.
Please allow 21 days for delivery.

BE SEEN, BE SAFE.

I'M YOURS . .

Hi, I'm 22, brunette, sexy and willing. I'm looking for a man like you to share my intimate thoughts and desires.
★ How would you like an individually handwritten letter on my own scented notepaper explaining exactly what I want you to do to me?
★ Plus an explicitly revealing colour photograph personally signed and dedicated only to you.
★ Plus an audio tape describing our night of passion together.
Send £15 to cover my expenses and you will receive all three within 7 days.
My name is **Laura, Flat 8, 47 Eaton Place, Brighton, E. Sussex.**

. . . BE MINE

MEN ONLY

C·L·A·S·S·I·F·I·E·D

MALE, ADULT AND SINGLE?

Do you want 2 weeks of sex?

We are organising a tour to Manila, Sex Capital of Asia. If your idea of a holiday is amongst hundreds of silky soft young girls, anxious to please, then for more info call **0634 723775** or write to:
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24HR DESPATCH GUARANTEED!

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Full Price List Available

17— PERSONAL PHONE MESSAGES

BIG lady, into black leather, etc, wants man to dominate. Dial immediately on 0836 403 711.

SECRETARY, 29 years, blonde, blue eyes quite tall, seeks non-serious sexual relationship with active physical man. 0836 403 702.

YOUNG sexy lady seeks modelling work, not shy. 0836 403 703.

MY speciality is a hand job, but I can just talk dirty if that's what you want. Call 0836 403 704.

SOLDIER or sailor wanted for fulfilling sexual relationship. I'm young, a bit plump with squeezable breasts. I'm also disgustingly horny. Call me. 0836 403 705.

RANDY convent educated nympho, just 18, dark hair, top heavy (38") wants sex all the time. Phone Mary on 0836 403 706.

DRESSED like a tart no man can resist me. 0836 403 707.

MY husband calls me a slut but he's just boring. Really dirty men call me on 0836 403 708 strictly for fun.

ARE you frustrated? I can relieve you now. Just call 0836 403 709. I need to talk dirty.

LONELY girl, 23, brunette, brown eyes, good looking, average height, seeks man for a relationship. Willing to please the right man. Please phone me on 0836 403 710.

ORAL satisfaction, anytime, anywhere. 0836 403 712.

TWO horny young girls love to model naughty underwear, lingerie lovers dial 0836 403 713 and join us in some steamy action.

BLOW JOB 0836 403 714.

FEMALE sales rep travelling through England seeks men for evening pleasures Dial 0836 403 715.

INDIAN girl seeks steamy affair. Married so must be discreet. 0836 403 716.

HORNY married women want to satisfy their desires with you. 0836 403 717.

NYMPHO wants to meet someone who can really satisfy. One man has never been enough, call me on 0836 403 718.

GYM teacher will order you to bend down for a severe thrashing if you do not do exactly as you are told. 0836 403 719.

DESPERATE Divorcee, late twenties. Give me something rock hard and throbbing. 0836 403 720.

PLEASE spank me. I've been a naughty girl again and must be punished. 0836 403 721.

NYMPHO wants sex. Call now. 0836 403 722.

EXTREMELY large, mature lady, wants to satisfy you. 0836 403 723.

VOYEUR wants to watch his wife with another man. She's got breasts like melons and loves high heels, stockings, suspenders and crutchless knickers. Genuine applications only dial 0836 403 724.

LIFT my skirt and slide my white lacy panties down slowly. 0836 403 725.

GIRL good looking, small breasts, wants two men to join her fantasy. 0836 403 726.

VERY naughty air hostess seeks man friend for really horny sex. Will wear my uniform if it turns you on. 0836 403 727.

CAMERA owner? Pretty model poses glamour, nude, fantasies. 0836 403 728.

TWO young female Swedish students (just 18) touring UK want free bed and breakfast on their travels. Willing to pay in kind. Call 0836 403 729.

18 YR old deliciously naughty college girl seeks headmaster figure for dormitory spanking sessions. 0836 403 730.

BISEXUAL lady (28) with younger girlfriend urgently wants a super stud to act out her fantasies with. Girlfriend to watch. Possibility of threesome. Dial 0836 403 731.

43 YEAR old housewife, enormous breasts, brunette, loves wearing stockings and suspenders, will give sex education lessons to young men in exchange for a few little jobs around the house. Telephone 0836 403 732.

HELP! Plain but energetic girl (23) desperately wants older man (or couple) for sex tuition. No weirdos. I want to try everything. Phone 0836 403 733.

WANTED! Well hung men for sex video. No time wasters, call anytime 0836 403 734.

RELAXING soothing blow job. 0836 403 735.

SPORTSGIRL has used blue knickers. Masturbation lovers only, phone 0836 403 736.

ATTRACTIVE lady (29(, understanding husband, seeks physical men for sexy fun and recreation. No weekends. Phone 0836 403 737.

DRIVE me wild in bed. Divorcee 26 years. 0836 403 738.

FOR the very best in hand massage 0836 403 739.

LARGE breasted busty female seeks shy young man to teach about sex. Call 0836 403 740.

TWO young female students, very tanned, very physical, very poor, want young man (or men) to entertain them, if we like you we can be really dirty. Please phone, evenings only 0836 403 741.

HOUSEWIFE with plenty of free time (36) wishes to meet man for all sorts of sexy fun. Must be discreet. Your place only. Big men ring 0836 403 742.

FRENCH au pair seeks English men for sex fun. Weekends only but call anytime on 0836 403 743.

BROADMINDED divorcee (28) seeks horny single men or couples for sex and mutual satisfaction. Ring 0836 403 744.

LESBIAN couple who may be bisexual seek large hung man to give pleasure, or just to watch, call on 0836 403 745.

VIRGIN 19, needs kind considerate experienced man. Please help me. 0836 403 746.

HOUSEWIFE is into being tied up and caned. Husband isn't. Adventurous man wanted to fulfil my fantasy. Call discreetly 0836 403 747.

DRIPPING with money. Rich girl, single, tall, slim but curvey, wants a man for good physical sex. Call Jessica. 0836 403 748.

RANDY mother and daughter want a sexy threesome with any well built stud who calls 0836 403 749.

Lines are for entertainment only and messages may change from advertised. Supplied by First Step Productions, P.O. Box 384 CAM. Calls charged at 34p per minute cheap. 45p other times.

CLIMAX LINES

THE HOTTEST HORNIEST DIRTIEST PHONE MESSAGES THAT YOU ARE ALLOWED TO HEAR. STRICTLY FOR OVER 18's

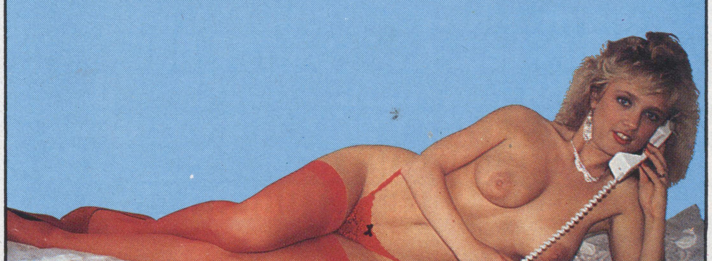
I'LL suck you dry **0836 402850** • JOIN me while I masturbate **0836 402851** • I'LL talk dirty until you are completely satisfied **0836 402852** STILETTO sex **0836 402853** • [redacted] talks dirty **0836 402854** • I'M going to lick and suck until you cream **0836 402855** • GROANS of ecstacy **0836 402856** • PLAYING with myself **0836 402857** • ON my knees in front of you **0836 402858** • FACE down on the bed take me now **0836 402859** • I love to talk dirty **0836 402850** • FILL my hot tight pussy **0836 402861** • I'LL lick it all off the phone **0836 402862** • LICKING lesbian action **0836 402863** • WAITING on all fours **0836 402864** • HOUSE Of domination **0836 402865** • [redacted] **0836 402866** • MOANS and groans of a nympho **0836 402867** • SMALL penis? I love them. Satisfy me and I'll satisfy you **0836 402868.** • I'VE got it all. A dirty mind [redacted] **0836 402869** • MAKE me take it all the way **0836 402870** • PUT me over your knee and spank me hard **0836 402871** • RUBBER seduction **0836 402872** • DIRTY girl [redacted] it all **0836 402873** • LUST from behind **0836 402874** • SEXY 19 year old will satisfy all your sexual needs **0836 402875** • CALL the hottiest [redacted] on the phone **0836 402875** • CANED by the gym mistress **0836 402876** • YOUNG lesbians do it to each other **0836 402877** • USE your hand while I talk you off **0836 402878** • KNICKERLESS and naughty **0836 402879** • SEX in thigh boots **0836 402880** • GIRL sucks girl **0836 402881** • LET me suck you dry **0836 402882** • MY first lesbian experience **0836 402883** • ON your knees before you phone **0836 402884** • [redacted] **0836 402885** • [redacted] **0836 402886** • I love to suck [redacted] **0836 402887** • SUCK my throbbing nipples **0836 402888** • SPANK me until I beg you to stop **0836**

Messages may change from those advertised. Supplied by Glamour Act Productions PO Box 385 CAM
Calls charged at 34p per minute cheap rate and 45p per min all other times.

AURAL *Satisfaction*

personal
one-to-one
LIVE conversation

call now
0836 685159



GONE FISHIN'

MEN ONLY

IN YET ANOTHER FANTASY-STYLE, FAIRY TALE, HAPPY-GO-LUCKY, HOT BOTTOM CHEWY NIPPLE SPECIAL, MEN ONLY'S TEAM OF HIGHLY-PAID, HYGIENICALLY SCREENED, ADDITIVE-FREE BOFFINS BRING YOU TAUT KNICKERLESS RAUNCHY OUTDOOR STYLE FRESH AIR BOTTOMS FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE BRITISH ISLES, MOSTLY PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE NO ONE WAS LOOKING IN DEVIL-MAY-CARE SMACKINTHECHOPS VOYEUROSCOPE, AS WELL AS THE TAUTEST PERKIEST MOST CHEWABLE NIPPLES. ASK FOR THE ONE WITH THE BANANA-FLAVOURED COVER AND THE STAPLES THAT DON'T TEAR YOUR KNICKERS TO SHREDS. OCTOBER ISSUE, VOL. 56, NO. 11, ON SALE OCTOBER 17TH.

blah!

continued from page 94

OK if they stay the night.

I remember one guy who must have been 19. Iris was crazy for him and I could see her fondling his balls under the table. When we got home, she slipped into this Indian kaftan she has; she's always nude underneath and you can see her tits swinging when she moves. The guy was sitting on the couch, obviously trying to hide his massive hard-on, while Iris swished about. We were talking about sex and what we all liked. I was saying how much I enjoyed a good blow-job and this guy admitted that he'd never had one.

"That's awful!" said Iris as she sat beside him. "Here, I'll show you; you'll love it!" Then she grabbed his fly. His face as she took out his prick was a picture. I couldn't help smiling.

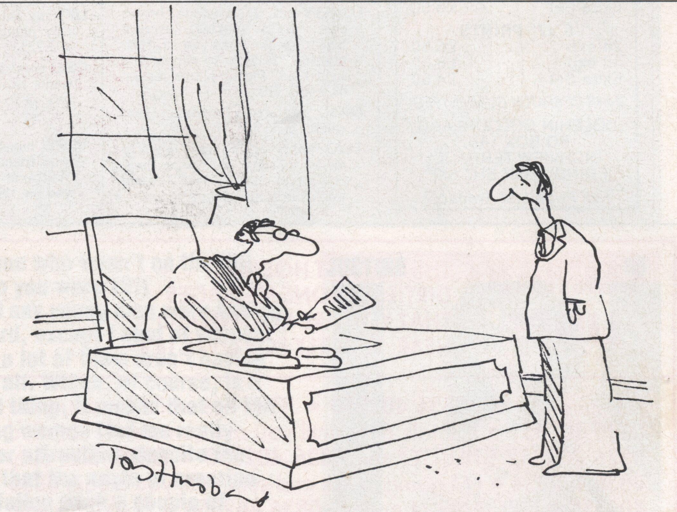
"Go on," I said, "Iris is really good."

He couldn't believe his luck. Instantly, Iris was kneeling in front of him, sucking him hard with his balls cupped in her hand while he started to fondle her knockers through the kaftan. As soon as she swallowed his first load she got her kaftan off and we really got down to it. Iris's favourite position is to have some young stud fucking her from behind while I kneel in front of her and jerk myself off. That way she tries to get the other guy to fill her cunt with his load as I bring myself off in her mouth. She insists that no one else's cum tastes as good as mine.

The most we've ever had back to our place is four guys, which was incredible. Iris surpassed herself that night, starting by handing out drinks completely nude, which soon got everyone in the right mood. Then we played some sexy music with the lights turned down while Iris took turns to dance with each of the men, letting them have a good feel, especially on those amazing tits – though one guy got really stuck on her arse. Then she ended up on the carpet with them, two at a time, until she'd fucked each of them at least once. She had them on top, behind, jerked them off between her tits, sucked them off – I'd never seen Iris enjoy herself so much. Towards the end the cum was gushing from her pussy and I'd wanked myself senseless.

We finished with Iris over the kitchen table, lying on her back. She had her legs over one end, with the biggest guy's cock buried deep in her snatch, fucking her like there was no tomorrow. She had two guys either side, jacking them off, while another was rubbing his prick on her belly and wanking himself off there. I was by her head so she could get her lips around my cock. When we all came it was like a dam bursting. Iris told me that night was the closest she's come to her ultimate fantasy.

A.P.,
Chester.



"Initial reports, Johnstone, indictated things go a lot better when you're on holiday."

EXPLICIT SEX TALK

(XXXX RATED ADULTS ONLY)

This service is for entertainment only and messages may change from those advertised.

HOT LESBIAN ACTION

Older woman and younger girl (18) doing their live action. You'll be hot when you hear our panting pleasure. Call 0836 403 600.
Sexual awakenings. Call 0836 403 601.
Two girls together recorded in steamy action for your wet dreams, on 0836 403 602.
Leather lesbians give it to each other while you watch. Call 0836 403 603.
Moist and ready. Two rampant 18-year-old girls lick each other all over. For the full uncensored action, dial 0836 403 604.
Down on each other. Lesbian exhibitionists eagerly await your call on 0836 403 605.

PERSONAL PLEASURE

Are you waiting to get complete sexual relief? If so call me on 0836 403 607 and my live recording will bring you to your climax.
Young woman, just 18, gives complete satisfaction. Just dial 0836 403 608.
My warm mouth will relieve you. Call me on 0836 403 609.
Dirty blonde mouths off until you cream with pleaasure. 0836 403 610.
For sexual relief call 0836 403 611. Pure dirty sex talk that will take you all the way.
My hand will satisfy. 0836 403 606.
I can make you scream with pleasure and leave you completely satisfied. I'm a 5foot 4inch tarty brunette, stockings and suspenders lover who genuinely can't get enough. Call me on 0836 403 612 and let me tell you what I can do to you.
Hot horny Helen will talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied. Dial 0836 403 613.
Young men wanted urgently by this 47-year-old, overweight and oversexed divorcee who will mouth off to you for slow relief. Call today 0836 403 614.
Screaming orgasm. 0836 403 615.
Relief is at hand if you call me now. I'm Carol, I don't wear knickers and the hottest dirtiest message you will ever hear is on 0836 403 616. Call me.
Use my mouth 0836 403 617.
I can make all your wet dreams come true. For the hottest mouth off to give shuddering satisfaction — just dial 0836 403 618.
I want to lick you and suck you all over. Call me on 0836 403 619.

DRESSED FOR SEX

Leather/Rubber girls give hot action on this live recording. Dial 0836 403 620.
Wet in rubber 0836 403 621.
Rubber fantasy. I can make you scream with pleasure. 0836 403 622.

First Step Productions, P.O. Box 384 CAM. Calls charged at 33p per min cheap and 44p per min all other times.

HOT 'N' HORNY

0836 689085

OUR GIRLS WILL TALK YOU OFF UNTIL YOU ARE COMPLETELY *SATISFIED.*

!LIVE!LIVE!LIVE!LIVE!

HOT-SEX-LINES

(DIAL FOR RAW HORNY ACTION)

SUSPENDERS	0836 402 146
RIP MY PANTIES OFF	0836 402 147
TALK FILTHY TO ME	0836 402 148
NYMPHO SATISFIES	0836 402 149
SLIDE INTO ME	0836 402 150
SELF SATISFACTION	0836 402 151
WHITE LACY PANTIES	0836 402 152
PUNISHMENT LINE	0836 402 153
DIRTY HOUSEWIFE	0836 402 154
DIRTY TALKING PEOPLE	0836 402 155
RUBBER PARTY	0836 402 156
CLIMAX WITH MANDY	0836 402 157
SUSIE SUCKS & NIBBLES	0836 402 158
RAW SEX	0836 402 159
BLACK STOCKING TOPS	0836 402 160
MASSAGE MY PUSSY	0836 402 161
ORAL SEX	0836 402 162
LESBIAN LOVERS	0836 402 163
SLIDE MY KNICKERS DOWN	0836 402 164
SEX WANTED	0836 402 165

FANTASY PRODUCTIONS. P.O. BOX 384 CAM. CALLS CHARGED AT 33P PER MIN. CHEAP AND 44P PER MIN. ALL OTHER TIMES.

Black leather thigh high boots, stilletto heels, milky white thighs, all this and more on 0836 403 623.
Come in my panties 0836 403 624.
I'm 18 and blonde, 5ft 6in, slim and very dirty. I like to put on my tight silky black panties and talk dirty on the phone. If you want me to mouth off to your complete satisfaction, call me on 0836 403 626.

EROTIC FANTASY

23-year-old Susie wants to spank you until you cream with pleasure. Dial 0836 403 627.
If you want a WHACKING good time, let me please you. My pleasure is to give you pleasure. Call me 0836 403 628.
Kinky sexy lady will do it any way, any time, any place, 0836 403 629.
Come and rip my knickers off. Do it NOW. 0836 403 630.
Ex public school girl, now 22, needs a Headmaster figure to discipline her 0836 403 631.
I want to feel your hand hard on my cheeks. 0836 403 632.
Strict mistress eagerly seeks disobedient men for total domination. Call me on 0836 403 633.
Black mistress corrects 0836 403 634.
Teach me to behave, be very firm with me. 0836 403 635.
It's too late for apologies ... bend over. 0836 403 636.
Dirty spank talk that will leave you completely relieved on 0836 403 637.

GAY/TV

Bulging tackle 0836 403 638.
Bath time fun for the lads 0836 403 639.
Let me take you all the way. Call 0836 403 640.

AVAILABLE HOUSEWIVES

Housewife, 33, large breasts, likes stockings, suspenders and high heels, wants to play dirty. Afternoons only. Call discreetly on 0836 403 642.
Come to me. 42-year-old, oversexed housewife will talk dirty and make you come. 0836 403 643.
Bored and frustrated housewife wants to give sexual relief to any man who dials 0836 403 644.
Rampant housewife will lick and suck you all over if you phone 0836 403 645.

HOT SEX ACTION

Throb between the legs? I can help. Dial 0836 403 646.
I can satisfy you with my pouting lips and tingling tongue and my soft, smooth fingers, let me lick and stroke you anywhere and everywhere you want. Put your finger in the hole and dial 0836 403 647.
Strip me naked and have your wicked way with me. 0836 403 648.
Strongest, hottest action on 0836 403 649.

First Step Productions, P.O. Box 384 CAM. Calls charged at 33p per min cheap and 44p per min all other times.

ADULT DATING
– A GLAMOUR DATE WITHIN ONE HOUR OF CALLING*!
0898 300 802
(TO LISTEN)
0225 751030
(TO SPEAK)
*Note: Subject to conditions
No Credit Cards
SEX FUN ONLY
NO FEES!
NAUGHTY TALK NOW
0898 300 878 or
081 871 2181 LIVE
FOR DETAILS OF THE GLAMOUR CLUB, COMPLETE COUPON BELOW. IF YOU DO NOT WANT TO GIVE US YOUR ADDRESS YOU CAN USE OUR CONFIDENTIAL BOX SERVICE FOR DETAILS ON HOW IT WORKS, DIAL 0898 442 298
SEND COMPLETED COUPON TO: GLAMCO, P.O. BOX 242, LONDON, SW15 2RJ
PLEASE SEND ME DETAILS. MY CODES ARE:
1 2 3 4 5 IF YOU NEED HELP IN FINDING YOUR CODES TO PUT IN THE BOXES, DIAL 0898 442 707
(YOU DO NOT HAVE TO PUT IN THE CODES IF YOU DON'T WANT TO)
NAME ____ (I AM OVER 18 YEARS OLD)
ADDRESS ____
POST CODE ____
(MAKE SURE YOU INCLUDE YOUR POST CODE)
FREE VIDEO
WHEN YOU ASK FOR DETAILS
(PROMOTIONAL SEX VIDEO – 1 HOUR)
Send me FREE video
24 HOURS
SPECIAL REFERENCE NUMBER
Our girls will give you a reference number (strictly confidential) for you to use in future when you call.
GLAMOUR CHAT (081-871 2181 INTERACTION NO.)
GLAMCHAT, P.O. BOX 242. LONDON SW15 2RJ CALLS CHARGED AT 34P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE AND 45P PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES.